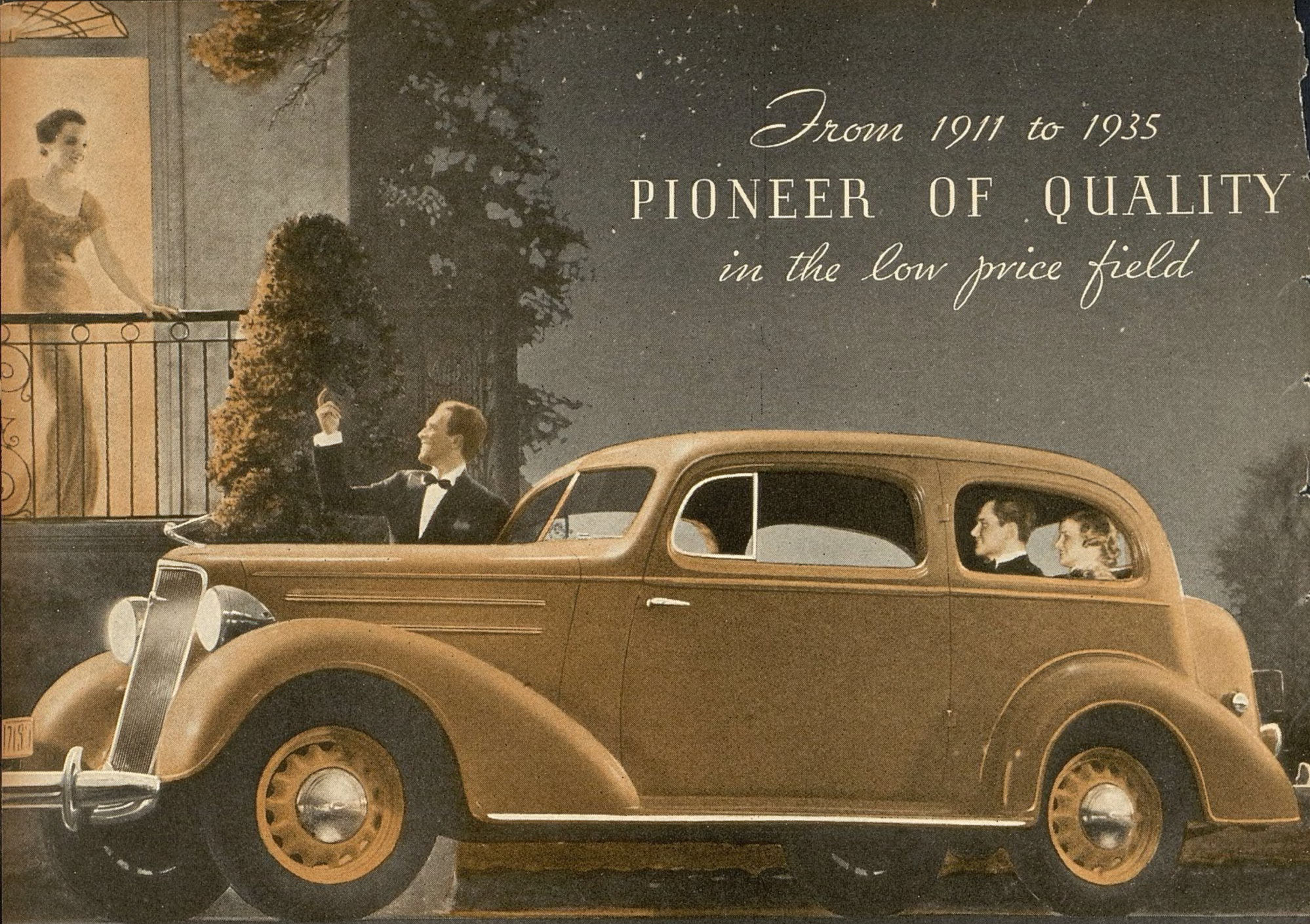
MAD DAYS ON THE DEVIL SHIP EMDEN

Liberty

AUG 10, 1935

5¢

NO MORE OLD AGE?—
REJUVENATION 1935



The Master De Luxe Town Sedan

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET

TURRET-TOP BODY BY FISHER (WITH FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION) . . . IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE . . . BLUE-FLAME VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE WITH PRESSURE STREAM OILING . . . WEATHERPROOF CABLE-CONTROLLED BRAKES . . . SHOCK-PROOF STEERING

FOR nearly a quarter of a century—from the building of the first Chevrolet to the building of the 1935 Master De Luxe models—Chevrolet has led the way in bringing modern, up-to-date transportation to the low-price field. Turn your mind back over the years and you will find that Chevrolet has pioneered improvement after improvement in low-priced cars. Smartly-styled closed bodies . . . the Syncro-Mesh Transmission . . . the Knee-Action Ride . . . solid steel Turret-Top construction, and many other improvements of the first importance, all have originated with Chevrolet. Many motor car builders have pioneered one new feature or a series of new features, but it is perfectly true to say that Chevrolet has pioneered *quality* for the entire low-price field. And, of course, you get the highest development of Chevrolet beauty, comfort, performance and economy in the Master De Luxe Chevrolet for 1935. Examine this distinguished motor car . . . ride in it . . . and choose *Chevrolet* for quality at low cost!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms
A General Motors Value

ALABAMA GIRL WITH PERFECT TEETH SAYS:

"Only Listerine Tooth Paste for me... it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"

You're looking at Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth--perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

"Our family has used Listerine Tooth Paste for years," says Miss Kidd. "I think it is the most effective and safest dentifrice I ever used. I give it most of the credit for the healthy condition of my teeth and gums. And it's *so* economical!"

If you've not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so now. You will be delighted to find out how quickly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth without harming precious enamel. You'll like the sparkle and lustre its modern polishing agents impart to tooth surfaces. And you will welcome that marvelous feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name. Listerine TOOTH POWDER . . . . . 2½ oz. 25¢

REGULAR LARGE SIZE 25¢ DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

AUGUST 10, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 32

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Are Workers Courting Disaster?

WHAT, if anything, can be done to make the workers of this country realize the dangers they are facing? And we must include every citizen, for when workers meet disaster it is shared by everybody.

Artificial price fixing as a permanent procedure, whether it be wages or the price of merchandise, cannot possibly bring the prosperity which we are all seeking. The general policy, first instituted by the NRA, of raising wages regardless of the ability of business to pay has added to the price of the product of labor, lessened the number of employees, and put more people on the dole. This is not a theory. It can be definitely proved as a result of experience in practically every large business organization. Take the automobile business, for instance.

Hours at work per week under the Code decreased 19.4 per cent. Man hours decreased 13.75 per cent. In other words, production decreased. Every time a man is put on the dole, support must be secured from governmental sources, and that means increased taxes, which adds to the price of everything a workman buys. There is such outstanding proof of the accuracy of this statement that every intelligent worker must freely acknowledge it.

And there is not a single worker who received, due to NRA rules, increased pay in dollars and cents who can maintain that his buying power has increased. In other words, the added wages of today buy less than they did before the increase. And although some people cannot see beyond the dollar-and-cent value of wages, what we are all working for is wages interpreted in buying power.

Business everywhere at the present time is struggling under a fearful load. And during the last year expenses have increased everywhere, due partly at least to the increased cost of labor—which, by the way, has not been at all helpful to the worker because his buying power has not increased. Naturally, every time an employer makes a statement of any kind some workers and especially the paid agitators loudly maintain that he is talking for his own financial benefit. And although intelligent employers are naturally thinking of the wages they are paying today, they are much more concerned about what will happen to this country next year and in the years to come if this policy of artificial price fixing is continued.

It is freely admitted that there are at least five thousand paid agitators whose sole business is to visit the workers in the industrial centers and create a desire on their part to demand more wages. And there is no sound reason for objecting to such efforts if at the same time due consideration is given as to whether or not the business can afford to pay more wages. Rarely is such a question given any attention. Some labor agitators never give the status of a business any consideration. They try to work up dissension and misunderstanding, and such men are not interested in peace between employer and employee. Such a situation would remove them from the pay roll.

While there may be cause for complaint of prejudice on the part of employers with reference to the wage question, the same criticism can be made of some paid agitators. They often try to pick a quarrel between employers and employees. That is their only source of income. The intelligent employers in this country at this time are fearful for the future unless there is some way of restraining agitators whose viewpoint is prejudiced and who can see nothing beyond an immediate rise in wages. The future stability of the business is rarely considered. Whether or not their demands mean disaster to the business is given no attention. And workers must remember when an employer goes down and out every employee loses his job.

Wages for everybody is the policy that intelligent workmen and employers alike advocate. It is the buying power and not the dollar itself that counts in the end. If the employees and employers of every business organization could sit down and talk over their difficulties without the intervention of prejudiced advisers who thrive on industrial quarrels, our labor troubles in this country would soon be over. Every industrial unit has problems of its own which should be considered separately. If such a policy had been followed during the depression, it would have saved thousands upon thousands of businesses and the jobs of millions of employees.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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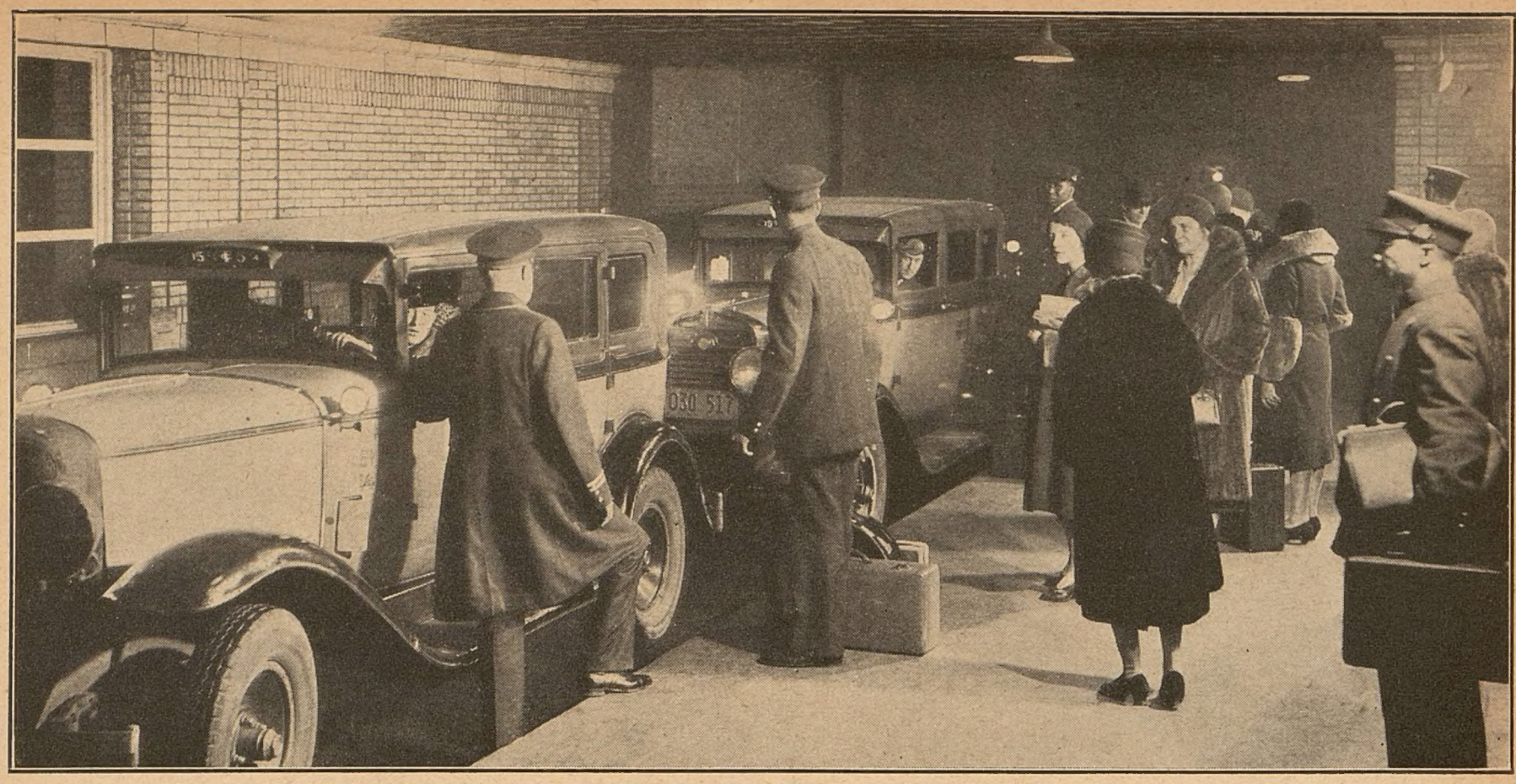


Travelers from all parts of the world getting into Terminal Taxicabs at Grand Central Terminal

Terminal Taxicabs

are not just cabs. They are as exclusive and distinctive in their field as the magazines Town and Country, Vogue or Fortune are in their fields. Terminal Taxicabs have unusual privileges which make them distinctive and exclusive among taxicabs. They have the private stand privileges at Grand Central Terminal, at Pennsylvania Station, at the Waldorf-Astoria, at the leading steamship piers, trans-Atlantic and coastwise, and at the ferries serving the Lackawanna, the Erie, the West Shore and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. This means that among the passengers carried by the Terminal Taxicabs are the greatest number of visitors and travelers carried by any cabs in New York City. Terminal Taxicab passengers constitute probably the best group of purchasers, at all times active and outdoors, in New York City. You can reach this large purchasing power by means of dominating and compelling advertisements in color displayed in a revolving device, electrically lighted by four bulbs. This device rotates 22 cards. Each shows seven seconds—in less than three minutes your advertisement is back again for another reading.

Advertisers in Terminal cabs have been and continue to be sellers of luxuries. A partial list of concerns follows:

Belleview Biltmore, Belleaire, Fla.
The Park Lane
The Riviera
Balsams Hotel, New Hampshire
Ballantine's Scotch
Maplewood Club, New Hampshire
Bill Brown's Physical Training Farm
John Wanamaker
The Griswold, New London, Conn.
The St. Regis
Hotel Astor
Crouch & Fitzgerald
White Rock
Fownes Bros. & Co.
Marlboro Cigarettes
Charles of the Ritz
American Airways
The Fifth Avenue Hotel
Hotel Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
Hotel Fairfax
Grace Line
Buick Motor Car Co.
Radio City Music Hall
Sherry-Netherland Hotel
Metro Goldwyn Mayer Co.
Liberty Magazine
Scribner's Book Shop
Hotel Marguery
C. C. Shayne Furs, Inc.
Boue Soeurs (Gowns)
The St. Moritz
Hotel Pennsylvania, New York
Crillon Restaurant
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel
Inverurie Hotel, Bermuda
College Inn Tomato Juice
Cadillac-LaSalle
New York American
Rockefeller Center
The Benjamin Franklin, Philadelphia
Hotel Lincoln
Ten Park Avenue
The Biltmore
Hotel Dennis, Atlantic City
The Claridge, Atlantic City
The Ambassador, Atlantic City
One Fifth Avenue
Eastern Air Lines
John Haig Scotch Liquors

A great many plays in season

● Can you write copy that sells? If you can, we can guarantee your advertisement will be read, and selling copy will sell any service, or merchandise of merit, to the big group of spenders who pay 55 cents, on the average, to ride in Terminal Taxicabs.

● The 1,000 Terminal Taxicabs which cover the private stand privileges carry 1,000,000 passengers a month. The low cost per thousand makes this an economical advertising purchase. Competition is necessarily limited by the number of spaces available. Riders become readers because they cannot fail to be attracted by action, color, and light, especially when they are seated directly facing the advertisements.

● Do you want to see our survey of this medium? If so, write or phone. The highest class advertisers in the country are using space. The type of advertisers you see in Fortune, Town and Country, and Vogue are using space in Terminal Taxicabs. Our advertising medium is four years old.

● Agencies and advertisers are asking for information. We have it in such shape that you can file it in your office for future reference. Send for it. The usual advertising agency commission of 15%, cash discount 2%, is, of course, part of our program.

J. H. LIVINGSTON, JR., TAXI ADVERTISING, INC.,
425 Fifth Avenue, New York City

"I'LL TELL *you* WHAT MY GAS COMPANY TOLD ME—

ONLY ELECTROLUX CAN GIVE YOU ALL THESE VITAL ADVANTAGES

LOW OPERATING COST

NO MOVING PARTS

PERMANENT SILENCE

GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Plus THESE MANY MODERN CONVENIENCES

TEMPERATURE REGULATOR

INTERIOR LIGHT

ICE CUBE RELEASE

TRIGGER TRAY RELEASE

VEGETABLE FRESHENER

SPLIT SHELF

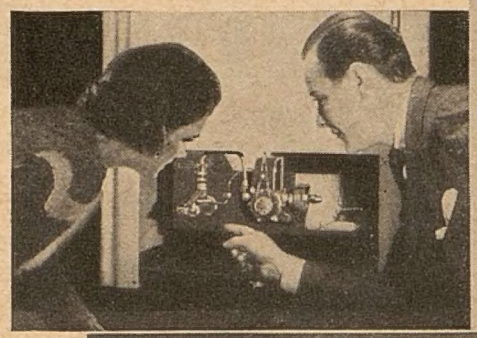
EGG AND FRUIT RACK

. . . and many others

USES NO WATER

ALL OWNERS AGREE THAT

.. IT RUNS FOR A FEW PENNIES A DAY.. ...GIVES FOOD FULLEST PROTECTION ... ..."NO MOVING PARTS" SAVES WEAR ...



ONE of the most noticeable ways in which Electrolux differs from all other refrigerators is in its permanent silence. Electrolux is the only refrigerator that offers this great advantage, because it is the only refrigerator that has no moving parts.

Its operating method is simplicity itself. A tiny gas flame circulates the simple refrigerant. Ordinary air cools it. This simplicity naturally results in added efficiency, and real savings for you.

Owners tell us that Electrolux saves them enough to actually pay for itself. It makes these savings by its remarkably low running cost, by its freedom from depreciation, and by its perfect food protection.

This year Electrolux has added new beauty to its superior efficiency. The thousands of families who have started a nation-wide trend toward Electrolux all agree that it's easily the best-looking refrigerator of them all.

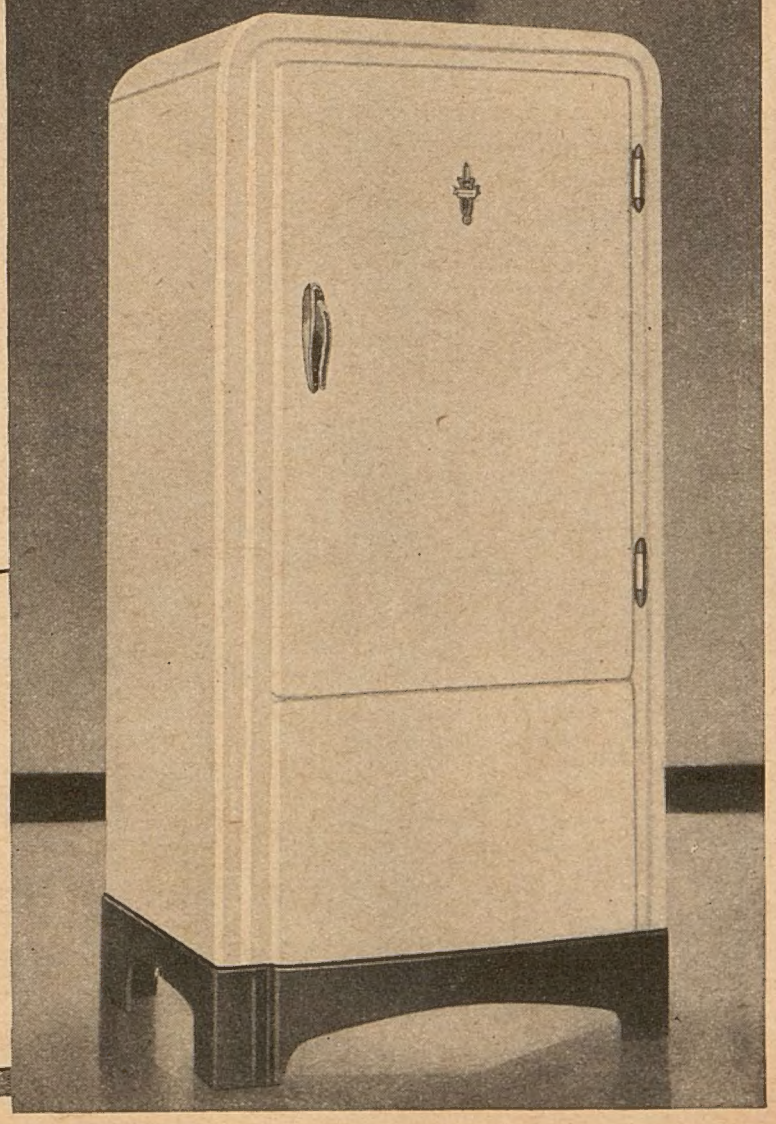
Now is the best time of all the year to choose Electrolux. For you can enjoy it most during the warm months.

See the new models now on display at your gas company's or local dealer's showrooms. Ask for names of owners in your neighborhood; they will be glad to tell you all about this modern efficient refrigerator. And remember, your gas company offers prompt and willing service on every Electrolux it sells. Beyond the gas mains Electrolux can be operated on Bottled Gas.

NEW KEROSENE ELECTROLUX *brings modern city refrigeration* **TO FARM HOMES**

To homes beyond the gas mains, the new kerosene-operated Electrolux brings every important advantage of the gas refrigerator now satisfactorily serving more than 500,000 city homes. For free folders and complete information, write Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Div., Evansville, Ind.

ANOTHER STEP AHEAD · · THIS TIME IN BEAUTY



NEW *Air-Cooled*
ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

BEGINNING—

Mad Days ON THE DEVIL SHIP

EMDEN

A Deathless Saga of the Sea—The Long-Awaited Story of the War's Greatest Naval Adventure as Seen Through the Eyes of One of Its Chief Participants

by Rear Admiral

ROBERT WITTHOEFT

of the German Navy . . as told to

WAYNE FRANCIS PALMER

Author of Men and Ships of Steel

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

GERMANY was not yet at war on July 31, 1914, when the Emden left the harbor of Tsingtau. But Captain Karl von Müller was well aware that hostilities were imminent, and he was taking no chances of being bottled up. On August 2 a wireless message informed him that war with Russia and France had begun. Among those who solemnly talked over the Emden's prospects in her wardroom were Gropius, navigating officer; Gaede, gunnery officer; Prince Franz Josef, a nephew of the Kaiser; and Lauterbach, lately of the merchant service. Next morning she made her first capture, of the Russian ship Rajsan. She returned to Tsingtau, the only German base in China, and as she was nearing the harbor von Müller learned that Great Britain had declared war. The following day was spent in coaling the Emden.

PART ONE—THE LONE WOLF CUTS LOOSE

I WAS part of the Emden's exploits. I am the senior surviving officer that went through from Tsingtau to the end, but my part was insignificant. This is the story of the Emden and Captain von Müller.

Even for those days she wasn't much of a cruiser, although you would have had a scrap on your hands if you had said so. She wasn't new. But she was a happy ship and as trim a little craft as sailed in any navy. "Swan of the East"—that's what they called her, and she was just as able as she was pretty.

Her reputation, even in peacetime, was due to her skipper, Captain Karl von Müller, a quiet, handsome, slight young man. We on the Emden had almost a fanatical love for him. Just a word or a look and we would

We rowed rapidly away. The doomed ship took a sharp list and held there, so ten shells had to be poured into her hull to hurry matters.

work our hearts out for him. It isn't strange that he has earned immortality among the world's greatest sailors.

The German people of Tsingtau had gathered on the dock that night to see us off. Just after dark the signal was passed, " Secure ship for sea." The army band struck up Die Wacht am Rhein. As we pulled away toward the harbor entrance and the open sea our men joined in with the people ashore singing it. The other ships' companies that were anchored near by took it up until the harbor was filled with that song.

Swiftly we glided into the darkness to make a dash for the open sea and through any enemy ships that were lurking out there. We had the collier Markomannia following us. She was to be our faithful companion for many an eventful day. Then, too, there was the armed merchantman Prinz Eitel Friedrich, destined to play a mysterious part in the war.

The course of the Emden and her consorts was laid for Pagan in the Ladrone Islands. There we were to meet Admiral von Spee and the German men-of-war that were gathering there from all parts of the Pacific. Yet we did not hurry. We hunted about for enemy merchantships. But our luck had temporarily deserted us.

Finally we neared our rendezvous. What a busy place we found it! Eleven ships were there at anchor. Admiral von Spee's flag was flying from the Scharnhorst, and near by was the beautiful Gneisenau. The little cruiser Nürnberg was there too, but most of the ships were merchantmen that had been armed for commerce raiding or were to carry fuel and provisions for the fighters.

Our anchor was no sooner down than a boat from the Gneisenau was alongside demanding mail from home. It was a shame to disappoint them. Poor devils, they were never again to see a line from their loved ones.

The next morning there was an important war council on the flagship. When von Müller returned he called several of us to his cabin.

" The admiral wants us to go with him to the coast of South America," he said. " He hopes ultimately to reach Germany. I, however, want to stay in the Orient. I am certain that we can do more damage to the enemy if we operate as a lone wolf. I used every argument I could think of to carry my point, but the admiral was noncommittal. Anyway, we go to sea this afternoon."

At five thirty all the ships filed out of the harbor. Von Müller as he paced the bridge was glum.

Up ahead on the Scharnhorst a signal fluttered. With glass to his eye, Quartermaster Linnig announced the flags while I turned the pages of the signal book:

" Emden detached. Good luck! Markomannia, follow the Emden."

Slowly we wheeled out of line and signaled " Godspeed! " The captain was to have his chance—alone.

Alone! We were soon to be the one remaining German man-of-war on that half of the globe. It was up to us now to carry the German ensign to success in the Far East. No harbor could welcome us. Not even a friendly nation could send us fuel or supplies. Every man's hand was against us. We must forage for our necessities, fight for our lives, destroy and damage the enemy, and keep it up as long as possible, then meet the fate that awaited us.

Our first destination was Angaur in the Palau Islands. This little German harbor was important for its phosphates. Imagine our disappointment when we heard that only three days before an English ship had sailed with a cargo of 7,000 tons. Ultimately it would find its way to the battlefield to kill German soldiers. What a fortunate catch that ship would have been!

We soon had a chance to feel, however, that we had given the British lion's tail a little twist. The German liner Princess Alice joined us and reported that she had been heading for Hong Kong with $4,250,000 in gold belonging to the Indian government. When she picked up the wireless reports of the outbreak of war she slipped

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY FISK

over to Manila and deposited it in a United States bank to German credit. She was able to get out of there and come back to stock us up with supplies.

We went aboard her as soon as she was at anchor, and made right for the bar for some good cold German beer. We didn't know then that it was to be many a year before we should have our next. The following morning we hoisted anchor and sailed away from the last German possession we were to see during our adventures.

THE long days and nights ahead were filled with deep anxiety. We were off the regular steamship routes, heading through the treacherous and little known Straits between New Guinea and Borneo. Our destination was the Indian Ocean. We often heard radio signals from other ships so close as to be deafening. At night, with our nerves on edge, it seemed at times that the ocean must be alive with enemies all about us. It was at this time that word came through by radio that Japan had declared war on Germany. So they, too, had joined in the chase.

One encouraging word came to us. The radio press reports noted that the Emden was working across the Pacific with von Spee's ships. What a surprise they were to have some fine morning! This mistake on the part of the British undoubtedly was of great aid to us.

During those days Captain von Müller seldom left the bridge. The crew never left their battle stations excepting for a snatch of food. They kept the guns loaded, ready to fire on a second's notice.

In desperate need of fuel, nine days after leaving Angaur we rounded the southern end of the island of Tanah Jampea and entered its green-rimmed harbor. We expected to see a ship laden with coal awaiting us, but instead no sooner were we inside than a lookout shouted, "Enemy battleship approaching." Sure enough, there she was rushing down on us at full speed.

On the Emden bells rang and bugles blew, sending men dashing to their battle stations. The stranger was too close for us to turn and run for it. Against a battleship our frail little craft would be helpless. We could only close in on her, do what damage we could, and then take our punishment. I tell you it was a sickening thought.

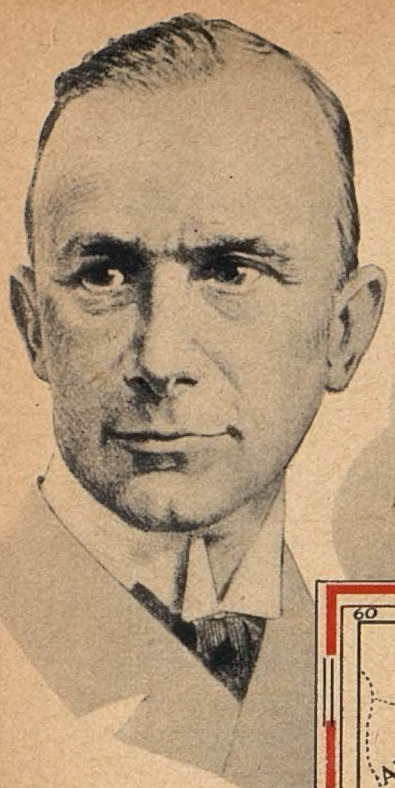
Suddenly the word came to us in the control tower that it was the Dutch battleship Tromp. She probably didn't want a German warship in her neutral harbor and she had the right to order us out. We brought the ship to an immediate stop and the skipper went aboard the newcomer. After a few polite exchanges he returned to the Emden and with our ever-present Markomannia we sailed on. Our precious collier had been there, but the Dutchmen had sent her on her way with a sharp rebuke.

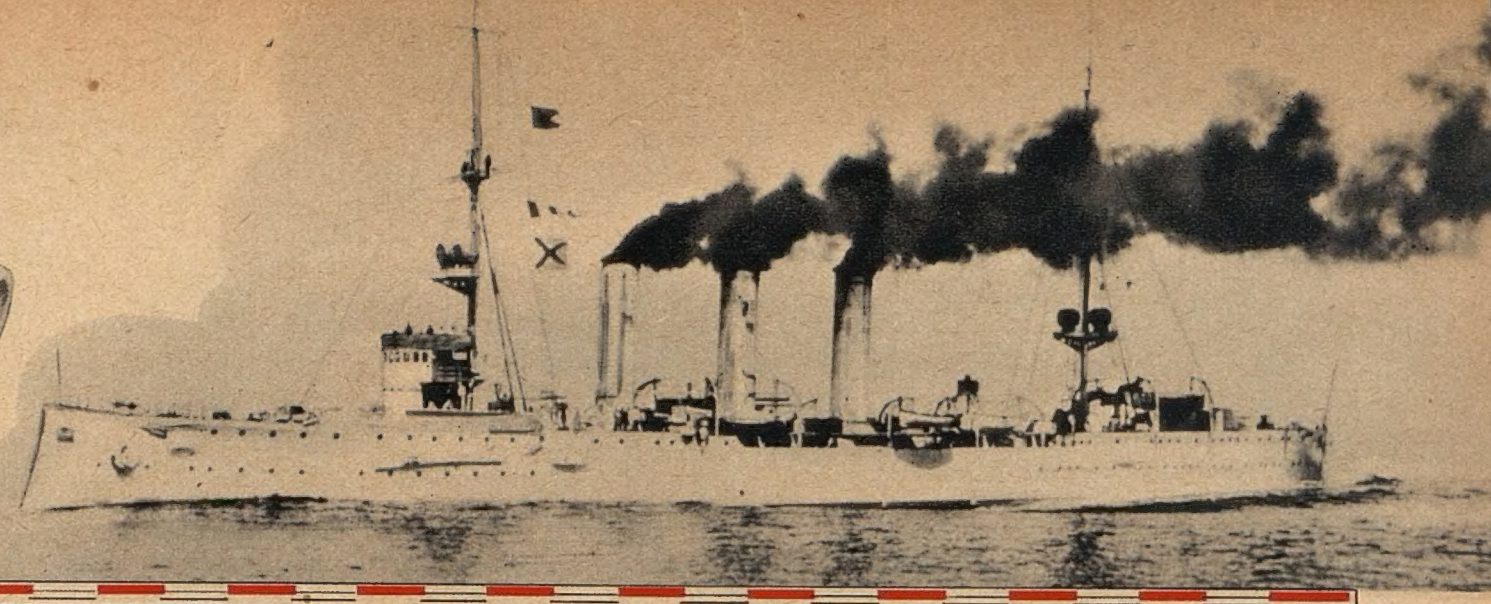
There wasn't a three-funneled cruiser in the Orient except the Emden, and that made us too easy to spot. Our executive officer rigged a fourth funnel out of canvas and wood and hoisted it into position. As we sailed in and through the narrow channels we hoped to be reported as a Britisher.

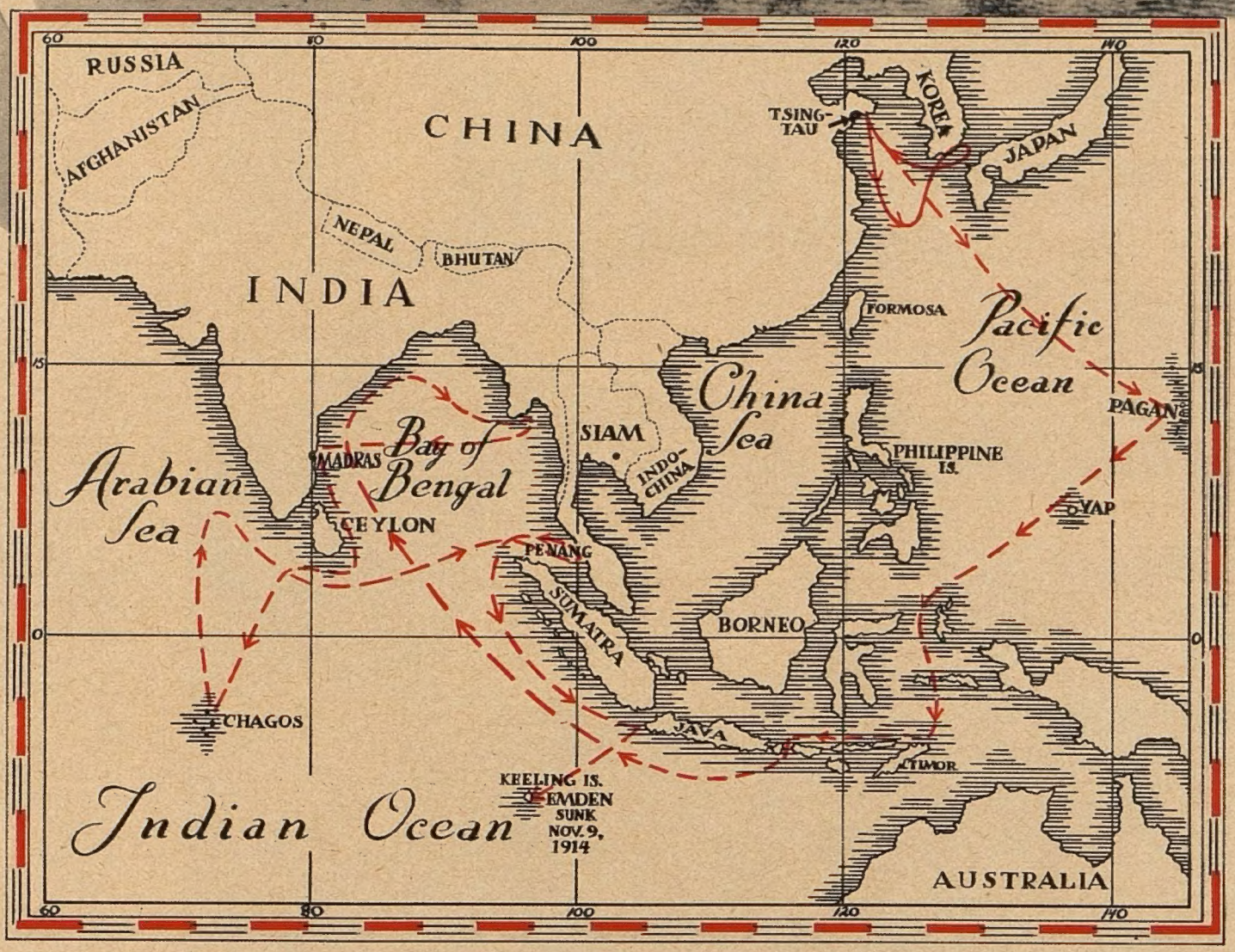
Finally we had but one more narrow to pass before reaching the Indian Ocean. At night the air still fairly crackled with wireless. We caught one message in Dutch announcing a four-stacked cruiser in the vicinity, so our dodge was working. We feared, though, that the British would check up on where their ships were and this one too many would put them on guard.

By ten o'clock we entered the Straits. To our great annoyance, at midnight the moon came out crystal clear. All conditions seemed to favor the enemy, but luck was with us, and we soon passed on to our goal, the Bay of Bengal, and ran into a well protected harbor off the north coast of Sumatra.

What a load had dropped from the shoulders of every one, from the captain to the least boy! But we were closer to detection at that time than any since our dash from Tsingtau. All the night before some ship's call letters, Q M D, Q M D, Q M D, had dinged into our







The Emden and her captain, Karl von Müller, who earned immortality for his ship and for himself. At the right the whole of their adventure is charted. It began August 5, 1914, at Tsingtau; it ended three months later when, off North Keeling Island, they fought to the last against the cruiser Sydney.

operators' ears. We found out later that a large British armored cruiser had abandoned this harbor but a few hours previously.

We brought the Markomannia alongside for coaling. Remember, this was in a closed harbor just a few miles above the equator where not a breath of air stirred. Officers joined in the toil with the men. The band even did what it could to liven up the party, but the life was gone out of every one before noon. Yet on we struggled until midnight, when the men dropped in their tracks. At five in the morning we were back at work. It was late that day before we called it a job.

Our beautiful Swan of the East was now a dreadfully dirty ship. Paint was off her hull in large patches and rust was everywhere. So was coal dust. The linoleum was cracked and torn. But it was in the galley that the real pinch was being felt. It was three weeks since we had taken a stock of food aboard. Three hundred and sixty-five officers and men performing hard work can do away with a lot of it. We had reached the point where we must hunt to live as well as to destroy.

That night we left our jewel-like haven. A week later we were on the Calcutta-to-Bombay seaway. I was on the bridge with von Müller about eleven o'clock at night. Suddenly from the tube leading up to the foretop a muffled voice sang out, "There's a ship dead ahead, sir. Can't make out yet what she is." Soon we too saw the lights. "Full speed," came the next order, and we fairly streaked down the wake of our victim.

What a start they must have had when the skipper called through a megaphone, "Stop your engines and don't use the wireless." They must have thought we were the devil himself! Two rounds of blanks were fired as a warning, so their ship reversed her engines and came to a stop. Best of all, her wireless operator kept his finger off the key. With searchlights burning into our prize, we sent Lauterbach and a boat's crew to take charge.

There came the blinker signal light: "This is the Greek ship Pontoporos."

There was much swearing and growling on the Emden's deck. What rotten luck to have drawn a neutral! No—hold it. The quartermaster read the rest of the message: "She is carrying 6,500 tons of coal to Bombay for the British." I can tell you we were happy; not only could we capture her as an enemy, but our own coal was getting dangerously low. We ordered Lauterbach to follow us with dimmed lights, and away we steamed.

Bright and early the next morning the alarm tore us out of our hammocks and sent us scurrying to our battle stations. With a flag signal flying demanding surrender, we bore down on the British transport Indus. Her engines promptly stopped and our boarding crew went aboard. Our men had a surprise when they found her Lascar crew bowed in prayer. They had been told terrible things about the Germans.

What a cheer went up on the Emden when the signal came to us that she was *(Continued on page twelve)*

"Can you and Tom come up here for the week-end?"

USE your telephone to keep in touch with friends or family scattered on vacation . . . to make reservations . . . to extend or accept invitations. A telephone call gives pleasure and peace of mind. • After 7:00 P. M., you can talk to most points 75 miles away for 35c; 150 miles for 50c; 275 miles for 75c.* Try it tonight. (*Three-minute, station-to-station calls)

MICHIGAN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY
BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

"Just try to keep us away!"

(Continued from page ten)
loaded with supplies! It wasn't long until our decks were piled just like a warehouse with cases of things we so badly needed. Soap—150 cases of it. Now we could scrub things up. More cases of canned food, sheets, towels, oilskins, paper, pencils, jam, whole sides of fresh beef, lamb, and ham, biscuits, wines and liquors.

Well, look what a find this next boat had made! It was loaded down with live chickens and ducks. A few of them broke loose and we had a good laugh watching them waddle about the decks.

The morning after at Madras, with two oil tanks set on fire and a third punctured by the Emden's shells.

Lauterbach, who was on the prize, tried to see that nothing was sent to us that we couldn't use; nevertheless the moment he turned his back all sorts of things went flying into the cutters. What clowning there was that night in the crew's space when every one was turning in! Many of the men were parading about in beautiful pink and blue silk kimonos. Others had found silk nightgowns. But Schultz, a great hulk of a man, took the prize when he showed up in an enormous pair of bloomers and a brassière.

MEANWHILE, finally the captain put a halt to the loading and gave orders for me to go over and sink the Indus. Her officers and crew were transferred to the Markomannia. Explosive charges were placed at several points along the inside of the hull and made ready for firing from the upper deck. We opened the sea valves in the engine room and the water came in with a great rush. Hurrying to the upper deck, we fired the charges and the ship immediately listed to port.

We rowed rapidly away and scrambled on to the Emden. The doomed ship took a sharp list and held there, so ten shells had to be poured into her hull to hurry matters. Faster and faster now she rolled over. Her masts struck the water with a report as sharp as gunfire. The stack had toppled over early in the game. Now she was bottom up with her bow going down fast. All at once she seemed to slide forward and, just before her stern disappeared, with another roar the air blew out a rear port and scattered a lot of papers and furniture on the surface of the sea. Then she was gone.

The next day there were two more captures and two more sinkings. Then just before midnight the white flash of our guns brought the Kabinga to a stop. We wanted to make a quick job of it and sink her, but a heavy sea was rolling and when the word came back to us from our prize crew that her captain's wife and little boy were aboard, the order was given to wait for daylight. She was bound from Calcutta to New York with American-owned goods. In view of this, the captain decided to use her as a prison ship and transfer our captives to her.

At first, misled by the Allied lies about the Germans, the captain's wife was dreadfully frightened. But before they left us she had offered some of our boat's crew the spare oilskins that were aboard.

We added the Kabinga to our train and moved north toward Calcutta. The next day we met our largest prize, the British ship Diplomat, loaded down with 37,000 chests of tea for London. I again dispatched her to the bottom of the sea just as a cloud of smoke appeared on the horizon.

This was to be the first cloud across our successes. So far, no one outside of our ships had known that the Emden was in this part of the globe. Once our presence was disclosed we would be in great danger.

It proved to be an Italian ship, and Italy at that time was still counted as our ally. Now our story would be out. Nevertheless we tried to make the best of it and asked her captain to take our 200 prisoners with him. He refused. We offered to pay him. He still refused, so we sent him on his way. Contrary to all the obligations of an ally or a neutral, he promptly notified the authorities ashore by wireless of our presence. Not satisfied with this, he stopped and turned back a large liner and two troopships loaded with men bound for the war zone. He later accepted a gold watch and chain for these services from the governor of Bengal.

There was much debate as to how we could be rid of our prisoners. Finally our captain told the Kabinga to depart in peace and go to Calcutta. The prisoners lined the rails of the merchantman and gave three hearty cheers for their captors and the Emden.

We knew that from now on we were to be hunted by many ships of many nations. We were always to be in fear that behind each island, behind each point of land, an enemy might lurk. At the base of each column of smoke on the horizon we were to fear that there was an Allied man-of-war.

Captain von Müller thought it best for us to transfer to the shipping route between Madras and Calcutta. It was during this fast run that we solved the mysterious but ever-present Q M D, secret radio-call letters. Some station asked, "Who is Q M D?" Another station volunteered, "Q M D is the British cruiser Hampshire." We were to hear a lot from this ship and its persistent captain before we were through.

Our first catch on the new hunting ground was the British collier Trabbock—unfortunately empty of coal. Perhaps the attraction of the flames from the explosion that destroyed her brought the next victim to us. Our

lookout caught sight of her lights and gave the alarm. She, however, soon became suspicious and away she dashed. She was fast, too. But away we went after her. In time our warning shots brought her about.

"What ship?"

"Clan Matheson," came back the answer out of the dark.

"English?" von Müller queried.

"Lorrrd, no! It's a Brrritish ship she is." The Scottish burr of her captain made us laugh.

"Sorry," sang out von Müller as the boarding party fell in on the main deck.

She was loaded to full capacity with locomotives, automobiles of the finest makes, bicycles, typewriters. On the deck were several mahogany speed boats. It was heartrending to a seaman not to save them—but everything must go as soon as we could take her crew off.

A few days later we were to have an experience which, if not romantic, was at least unique, and was also in its way really terrible. We were the first ship to coal in the open sea. Such an experiment had been often discussed but never risked before. We simply had to do it or go without coal. There was no quiet harbor open to us. So we did it, from the Greek collier Pontoporos that had been tagging along after us.

Even sinking ships might become monotonous, but the people on these ships could offer every variety of diversion. There was one chap, an Englishman, in particular who caught our attention. He was a junior port official of an Indian harbor.

We usually allowed ample time for passengers and crew to pack up their personal belongings. This fellow, however, after packing innumerable trunks, with a high-and-mighty air kept jerking his thumb at our sailors to get his heap of luggage into the waiting cutter. Not a man seemed to notice him. He even asked Lauterbach to get his silver golf and rowing trophies from the hold of the ship. Our boarding party let him wait. Finally, when a hole had been blasted in the ship's side, he forgot the eminence of his position as a junior port official, grabbed his golf clubs, and, with this single piece of luggage, clambered down into the waiting boat. All of the rest of his belongings went to the bottom with the ship.

A BUNDLE of newspapers from the Clan Matheson gave us the latest news from the battle fronts in Europe. The news was cheering. What interested us, though, were columns and columns in The Englishman, a Calcutta paper, telling about our marauding.

It may have been these brazen press comments that irked Captain von Müller. Maybe, however, it was his inborn impudence. He announced to the officers that he thought it time to stir up the British, and he made the decision to bombard the city of Madras on the very night that Q M D was charging the air with her wireless signals so close to us that all our men at their battle stations were straining their eyes for her. The audacity of the man even today amazes me. He knew that Captain Grant on the Hampshire was having a terrible time of it chasing us because the Indian authorities insisted on sending uncoded messages in plain English. They told us all we needed to know. We had no idea of letting this British nutcracker close in on us, and we knew, too, that there would be no cruisers at Madras a thousand miles away. That was the place for us.

Our little stunt was to be more political than military. We felt that if we drove the war close home to the native population they might be encouraged to revolt against their masters. That would keep troops in India that might otherwise be spared for use in France.

We sent the Markomannia away to a point where we could meet her later if we didn't meet with some misadventure. Alone we headed straight for Madras and picked up the lighthouse off that port about eight o'clock in the dark of the evening. As we crept nearer and nearer we were amazed to see that all of the lights of the city were ablaze. Darn nice of the British, I thought.

We took our time until we had located Fort St. George, the oil tanks of the Burma Oil Company, and the principal buildings. We could make out a few ships, but it was obvious that none of them were warships. With the picture well in mind, the captain ordered a seventeen-knot speed and took up a position so that the fort and oil tanks would be in line. We edged in until we were only about a mile and a half from shore and still we were not detected.

Ten o'clock! The captain gave the order to swing the ship to port and then stopped all engines. We moved ahead silently until the ship lost all headway.

"Switch on searchlights. Open fire, Gaede."

The white flash from the full salvo completely blinded us as the hot blast from the guns seared our faces. They made a terrible racket in the calm of the night.

THE first salvo was well over—now, down a little. The next landed closer and exploded in a burst of flame as they hit a merchantman in the harbor. The gunnery officer again corrected his range and let go another broadside at the oil tanks. There! One of them was hit. At first a little orange flame showed along its side. More flames flowed from it down to the ground and spread about. More hits on more tanks; then one of them burst into a great flame that towered hundreds of feet high. Vast black smoke clouds rolled up from the ever-increasing inferno.

As soon as we had the range we cut off our searchlights, because the British were now paying the lighting bill at the rate of about a million dollars a minute.

The fort was trying to find us with their guns. But the geysers from their shells rose well inside of us, so we knew we were safe and that our surmise that the guns were old-timers was right.

In all we let them have 125 rounds, and by that time the sky was as light as day. Tank after tank had exploded, showering the region about with burning rain. Our job was done. The city was in wild confusion. Natives were stampeding for the interior. The destruction of the oil property was complete. We had even left a calling card in the form of a shell at the British Club without knowing it. We had unfortunately killed a few civilians, but that was both unintentional and unavoidable. We had accomplished our missions, and we now steamed away at full speed into the dark, leaving the column of flame standing for hours in the sky.

We must once more be on our hunted way. We could lurk in these waters no longer, so the course was set out of the Bay of Bengal on to the Indian Ocean around to the south of Ceylon. As we steamed to the south we reaped the harvest of our efforts over the wireless.

Our greatest help to the Fatherland was showing up in distant New Zealand and Australia and even in France. The Anzac expeditionary forces didn't dare to sail because the Emden might cross the track of their convoy. The War Office in London stormed and demanded an immediate embarkation. The British navy said they would be safe, but the colonies would not risk it. The navy was flatly told to provide sufficient ships to escort the convoy; they already had a dozen large ships after us and couldn't spare another one.

The Markomannia joined us

as directed. Had anything happened to her we would have been in a terrible mess. Our efforts, even our lives, depended on getting coal.

Four days after we left Madras we rounded the southern end of Ceylon on to one of the busiest shipping lanes on the seas. We were nearly off the great port of Colombo when we ran across the King Lud, a British merchantman. A busy hour followed during which we stocked up on supplies. She had a good load of whisky and Lauterbach and I told her officers they might just as well take it along. With many thanks a goodly portion of it went over the side with them to the Markomannia.

REAR ADMIRAL ROBERT WITTHOEFT

is a naval attaché of the German embassy at Washington. In 1931 he commanded a new Emden and was sent to North Keeling Island. "A ship of the British navy had joined us," he writes, "and there Britain and Germany united to do honor to the German dead"—of the original Emden.

There was not much ceremony about the King Lud's sinking. When she was awash we left her so as to pass Colombo under cover of darkness. The searchlights at the harbor entrance were sweeping the sea and little men-of-war could be seen outside on patrol.

We fell in behind a steamer and followed her along the coast for some miles before we boarded her. Her captain was fit to be tied. The idea of picking him up right at the entrance of a British harbor, right under the searchlights and the very guns of the forts! We didn't care how much he damned the British, but when he started on "those damned Germans" things started to happen fast for him. He and his loud-talking chief engineer refused to follow orders, so they were bundled over the side without being allowed to pick up even their personal belongings. Within five minutes preparations were being made to sink the ship and within thirty minutes she was gone. The crew, bitter and cursing their officers, were put aboard the Markomannia. It was the first time we had refused to give crew and passengers time to get their belongings.

The captain and chief engineer were transferred to the Emden, where they were held as military prisoners of war in cells. This was the only harsh incident of our entire voyage. We found this ship, the Tymeric, well supplied with fresh vegetables and fresh fruit. Then, too, there were late Indian newspapers. The Emden was the center of their news. The details of the Madras bombardment were there. We hadn't finished reading the papers when there was another alarm and we added the British merchantman Gryfevale to our escort.

The following day was Sunday and started off with an early capture. It was the Buresk, with 7,000 tons of the finest steaming coal in the world, right out of England and consigned to the British Admiralty!

LATER, as the captain was reading from the Scriptures, "Love thy neighbor," a frantic call came from the Gryfevale where we had our several hundred prisoners. It appeared that the whisky which the skipper of the King Lud had taken with him from his ship was at fault. A perfectly gorgeous drunken riot was in progress. The Emden rushed armed men aboard, but they weren't really necessary. It was all in good fun. A few men were put in irons until they wore off the effects.

Two more merchantmen arrived to spoil the quiet of our Sabbath, so both paid the penalty and were sunk. Once more we must be on our way. There was no rest for the Flying Dutchman. Reluctantly and wearily we headed the Emden, with the Markomannia and the Buresk, due south. The Emden was badly in need of repairs and her crew was exhausted. The safest place we knew of was a certain out-of-the-way British harbor, Diego Garcia, lying just about a thousand miles southward.

The good old Markomannia had to leave us now. She had given us all of her cargo of coal. It was decided to send her away to some neutral port. Her departure gave us our first chance to try to send letters home.

Eleven days after we left the vicinity of Colombo we approached the harbor of Diego Garcia. It was a typical palm-fringed coral atoll with a narrow ring of clear white sand surrounding its large and magnificent harbor. Slowly and cautiously we made our way through the narrow entrance. One miss move now and a great hole would be ripped in our bottom plates by the knifelike coral.

But once inside, we left the waves and swells behind. With engines shut down and with the decks steady beneath our feet for the first time since we coasted into the firing range at Madras, we seemed to have arrived in a silent fairyland. And there was the blue and red of the flag of England flying from a staff ashore.

The anchor was no more than dropped when a small boat rowed by natives put out from the beach. We were soon welcoming the assistant to the English governor. Thank God, his first words were friendly! He had no idea that there was such a thing as war in the air.

We rushed him to the wardroom and plied the whisky-and-soda of good-fellowship. Diego Garcia was dependent on a single sailing ship that visited it once each three months. Yes, the ship was due next week. No, the island had no wireless and, of course, no cable. They hadn't had a word from the world since early in July. What was the news, anyway? We told him what we safely could. But why were we there? Have another whisky-and-soda. Oh! There comes another boat out to us. We rushed on deck.

THIS time we greeted the governor himself at the gangway. The fat bustling little man puffed his way on to the quarter-deck bidding us welcome. He was followed by half a dozen natives loaded down with baskets of fruit, coconuts, fresh vegetables—even fresh eggs.

"Ah, it's so good to see white men—and especially Germans! I can remember back in 1899 when the German frigate Marie came in here. I've waited a long time for you to come back." The old fellow was really grand. Thank God, we didn't have to disillusion him.

We rushed the governor to the wardroom and put him, too, at work on the whisky-and-soda. The ice seemed particularly to please him. He hadn't seen any for years. There came a time, however, when he asked the questions that must be answered. Why was the wardroom so bare? Where was all the furniture? Why were the mattings hung about the guns? Why was coal piled on the decks?

We took the only way out and lied like gentlemen. I hope the governor has found it in his heart to forgive us. We explained that the great naval powers were engaged in joint war maneuvers and that we were just a unit of this all-inclusive war game. We had been so long out at sea that we were in bad need of refit. Storms had added to our disreputable appearance. With his permission, and in the shelter of his beautiful harbor, we would do a little refurbishing.

He went ashore delighted with his guests—and with their full respect. We had promised to repair his motorboat for him. It had been out of order two years.

We canted the ship to one side and then to the other. The hull was fairly alive with barnacles that took off a lot of our speed. We scraped and scraped at them. Finally the sides got a good coat of paint and the Emden started to look like her old self again. Of course we coaled ship there. Finally all the work was done and a few hours were available for the men to relax. Many a fish line went over the side and soon gay-colored fish were flapping their lives away on deck. Large green turtles swam unconcernedly about the lagoon. Giant sharks cruised about us, often snatching fish from our hooks. One afternoon two enormous devilfish drifted idly almost alongside. When one of them floated up to the surface, we let him have it with a rifle. Did that fish go! He cleared the water in a leap so great we thought he might land on board. When last seen he was streaking for the harbor entrance.

We left with the English governor's blessing and with most generous gifts from him. He even came out in his rejuvenated motorboat to wave us on our way.

As we headed north some ship with a powerful radio set was coming closer and closer to us. We swung our course to the west to avoid her, but still the signals increased in intensity. Finally the signal letters Q M D—and we knew our old friend the Hampshire was again on our trail. Later we found out that three days after we left Diego Garcia she entered there and found we had once more given her the jump.

Several nights later, with the Buresk following us, we were once more on the shipping lane to the west of Ceylon. About ten thirty the lookout reported a steamer approaching.

Battle Stations was sounded. We dashed after the enemy. All her lights were burning and it looked like an easy capture, when suddenly in the darkness off her port quarter we saw a black shape behind her.

———

Was that steamer a decoy and that black shape a warship? Read the surprising answer next week, and let Admiral Witthoeft tell you the electrifying story of the Emden's most audacious exploit—her foray into the harbor of Penang, where she destroyed a Russian cruiser.

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **CALIFORNIA JOE** by Joe E. Milner and Earle R. Forrest. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

A fascinating biography of the picturesque pioneer who was a scout with Custer and Crooks, pal of Wild Bill Hickok, Jim Bridger, Calamity Jane, and packed so full of historical data and forgotten details of the Western frontier days that the lack of literary skill in its writing is unimportant.

★ ★ **ONLY THE FEAR** by Lenore G. Marshall. The Macmillan Company.

Gabriele could not forgive her husband, who had a mistress. She suffered from nerves, dreams, but was cured in the arms of her amorous doctor.

★ ★ **AMERICAN MESSIAHS** by The Unofficial Observer. Simon and Schuster.

A biased but lively account of some of our current half-gods, including Upton Sinclair, Father Coughlin, and Huey Long.

★ **HANDOUT** by George Michael. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A lively discussion of propaganda by the government and government by propaganda, that would be more important if the anonymous author were less reckless in his statements; if he is no more accurate about other matters than he is about Liberty magazine, the book is not to be taken seriously.

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Ring in. Ring out

The Hilarious Story of a Handy Man and a Girl Who Changed Her Mind About Love

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

The motion of his hand was so sudden that she could

A LONE horseman rode romantically through the romantic woods of South Carolina. Despite his Harris-tweed coat and breeches, he was something by Alexandre Dumas. Dashing and dangerous and rich, with short black side whiskers and gray eyes that smoldered under straight black brows.

Dolly Francis, kneeling in an unconsciously devotional attitude by the lazy old river that wound like a lazy old dragon below the immense rickety boardinghouse they chose to call Helicon Mansion, caught a rear view of the cavalier trotting away. Roger Pinckney again. He said he wouldn't come back till tonight, and it'll do him good to wait. Anyhow—

She gazed over at a crooked moss-grown summerhouse tumbling toward the water. There he had sat under the moon last night, hours and hours, being confidential and, of course, leading up to a proposal. It was awfully perfect, the way he had called her "my little cameo." How wonderful this Southern gentleman was, with his delicate sensibilities and his voice and everything! Did he raise her blood pressure? Who could? Certainly not Paul Bunyan, the big goof.

Dolly settled down for a better view of herself in the yellow mirroring stream. Pinkishly it reflected her little dress, pinkishly her little mouth; snapping black eyes examined the dark hair which she worked so hard over to give it that wind-blown look.

Suddenly she sat back, annoyed. A squealing, tormented, mechanical sound intruded on the thinking she had come down to the river to do and set her teeth on edge. That, of course, would be Paul Bunyan.

Plunk! An arsenic-green canoe, containing the noise, whizzed around a curve and crashed against the bank. A giant in tan shorts seemed to fall out in six directions at once. He went under with a loud splash. Dolly couldn't help laughing. This was bad news, but it was fun to see Paul Bunyan again.

"Hello, Handsome," she said. "Why don't you take up roller skating?"

But he was busy trying to stop the horrid quivering little gadget which, by some deviltry, kept the canoe whirling round and round like a crazy bronco. Finally he wrestled it to a standstill, pressed a clicker, and the silly racket ceased.

"Something about the oil system," he muttered.

He stood there, enormous and bony, his wet red ears sticking out under a dripping brush of red hair. But his eyes were beautiful. Blue eyes, full of Celtic imagination. And when he smiled he seemed to smile all over.

"What do you call that revolting tin thing?"

"An electric canoe stabilizer," he said. "It's so light you can put it in your pocket."

"Not in mine," she gibed. "Come around and see me sometime with an invention that doesn't try to kill you."

"I'm not an inventor," he explained with comic dignity. "I'm a patent lawyer. Maybe I haven't told you."

"Maybe you haven't," she giggled. He had told her that at least a hundred times in days of yore when they had played around together. Vaguely that was about a month ago, when her mother, who couldn't afford it, had sent her down from Cincinnati to cure a cold. Speaking of colds—

scarcely follow it. The diamond ring drowned and gone!

by

WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

"Can't you find some other dog to try your wonderful patents out on?" she asked. "The first minute I met you, you shot me in the nose with that vacuum atomizer of yours."

Paul Bunyan stood there, grinning callously.

"Dolly, when you marry me—"

"What?"

"All right, then, if you're going to be womanish about it. I've got a little treat for you, Dolly. The river's full of alligators. It's their mating season, and it makes 'em wild."

"Poor dears." She sniffed the scent of spring.

"And I thought you'd like to ride in my canoe," he said invitingly.

Yes, there was something about Paul Bunyan. Maybe he was an escaped hypnotist.

The canoe was full of cushions. "I see you've got it fixed up for some girl," she said, getting in.

"You're some girl," he smiled. "I'm a thinking machine. A patent lawyer has to be. Are you quite comfortable, Miss Dolly?" with a badly imitated Southern drawl. She knew that he was trying to make fun of Roger Pinckney, but she ignored it. Gosh, he was turning on that thing again. It began to buzz like a little sawmill.

"Ow!" she shrieked.

"That's all right," he consoled. The canoe was making zigzags, first to the left bank, then to the right. "It always acts that way when it gets started. Then it's smooth as cream."

Strangely enough, his statement was correct. The bow righted itself jerkily, then glided prettily downstream. Paul had taken up the paddle and was thrashing it around.

"Do you know," he said amiably, "that I've never been in a canoe before?"

"You don't say! Keep paddling and learn something."

But now the frail craft was moving without a tilt. Paul wasn't talking. He was too busy with the paddle. Dolly lay back and continued her dream.

PAUL was nice in spite of a lot of things. Of course, if a girl married him it would be like having a pet rhino around the house. He wasn't romantic. And Dolly's mood, mingled with Carolina spring, was groping for poetry. Red and yellow and white flowers, all in masses under the whiskered trees. And in the distance the colored help singing spirituals. Probably the Misses Turnbull, who came from Detroit to make Helicon Mansion awfully Southern for Yankee tourists, hired the darkies to sing that way. Anyhow, it was devastating.

Paul had been so adorable and provoking and funny during the first weeks here. She had told him everything about herself, which wasn't much. He had wrinkled his big nose when she had said that she wasn't the domestic type. But she wasn't. When she quit school year before last, after dad died and there wasn't any money to speak of, mother had nagged her a lot about being useful around the house. Housework fairly melted Dolly's bones.

Six months at Handel's Business College, shorthand, typewriting, double-entry bookkeeping. Then a bad attack of flu and a flying trip to Carolina. Helicon Mansion, trying not to look like a cheap boardinghouse, and Paul Bunyan, who occupied its cheapest room, always funny, always telling Arabian Nights dreams about what would happen if some of the dreadful inventions he handled should happen to work. That had been fine until Roger Pinckney came along.

Yes, the climate had got her. One afternoon when she and Paul were loafing around she had sighed, "Well, maybe beggars shouldn't be choosers. But I'm choosy. I choose a handsome man who's not all swelled up about it. I like riding boots on a man. He's got to dance like a breeze, but a warm breeze—not too much that way, I mean. With so much money he doesn't have to mention it. And so crazy about me I can burn him down with an eyelash." Paul, she remembered, had mumbled something annoying about Hollywood.

Yes, but next morning, like an answer to prayer, Roger

Pinckney, one of the proud famous Pinckneys of South Carolina, had come riding up and asked for Miss Francis. Would you believe it? He was on a bay horse as slick as pure silk, and his riding boots were simply exterminating. He said his cousin, Maude Pinckney, had asked him to look her up. Dolly remembered a Maude Pinckney at school whom she didn't like much. But bless the girl!

After that Dolly hadn't had much time for Paul Bunyan. Rogers, with his deep-set eyes and frightfully beautiful drawl, was always thinking up things to do. He taught her to get on a horse so that she wouldn't slip off the other side. He took her in his snorky blue roadster to thrillingly Southern midday dinners on the Holbrooke Plantation, his big estate up the Ashley River. Once in a while, when Roger and Dolly communed on the portico, Paul, the poor ice-wagon, would come rumbling along, give them a look, and retire. She wished she could invent a composite husband with Roger's beautiful aristocracy and teeth, combined with Paul's way of getting you into hot water and then making you laugh it off. . . .

Bump! The dream was over. With a snortle and a snozzle and a reek of escaping gas, the stabilizer suddenly changed its mind, turned the canoe with a frightful lurch, and shot it into a reedy bank. Dolly held on to save herself. Paul, who had fallen out, arose from the river and turned off the gadget before it exploded any more.

"Don't get feverish," he said calmly. "We Bunyans are a hardy race of Norsemen. My daddy ran a sand-and-gravel barge, and he often said, 'Garfield'—that's my real name, you know, before you changed it for me—Garfield L. Bunyan. My daddy said—"

"Well, we're stuck in the mud," said Dolly, gently as possible. "And maybe we're safer, just staying stuck."

"I thought of that first," he said amiably, and held her with his dancing blue eyes.

"So what?" she asked, holding on while he lumbered back into the canoe.

"I've kidnaped you," he said, "and I want a million dollars' worth of talk."

"Oh. What's on your mind?"

She knew very well. Every woman does, when the time comes.

"Dolly, I'm a patent lawyer," he began.

"Didn't you tell me that before?" she asked. But she was looking at his eyes—clear blue stars.

"My business isn't only sizing up electric fans and flyproof mops. It's sizing up people too."

Last night Roger had called her "my little cameo." A cameo. A mop.

"AND what sort of mop am I?" she asked Paul.

"Don't go around thinking you're the prettiest girl in the world," he said slowly. "But you bother me so I can't keep my mind on my work. And I've got a lot to do."

"What do you suggest?" Cocking her head pertly.

"First I'm going to tell you why you like me more than you do Lord Whimperdale."

"You mean Roger Pinckney?" Trying to ice her words.

"The boy with the boots. Have I interfered since he came around? Have I dropped worms down his collar?"

He was saying a lot more, but she was only half listening. She wished she didn't like Paul so much, because he interfered with her dream of last night in the summerhouse. But why hadn't she fallen into his arms with a smothered "Oh, Roger"? Was she the type that needed to be clubbed senseless? Even when he had mentioned coming around tonight with the engagement ring—the one a Pinckney grandmother had worn—she had sat like a frozen turnip.

"Dolly, for heaven's sake, don't be a dumb juror," Paul broke in. "I'm trying to tell you."

"Go on with it," she said.

"So you've reached the point where you think you want to live on a plantation the rest of your life and be a Southern belle. Which you're not."

"Paul Bunyan, are you trying to insult me?"

"Does it insult a girl to say she's not a Southern belle? Dolly, I'm nearly thirty and you're nineteen. Let me talk to you like an ancestor. You've got to be what you're cut out to be."

"And what's that, big wise man?"

"Mrs. Garfield L. Bunyan," he said decisively.

"Oh, horr—" She didn't say it all. His charming eyes were so perfectly palpitating. They drew her.

"Yes," said Paul reflectively; "I'm telling you this for your own good. You're not one of those terrible things they call a great lady. You're the home type. I'll bet that, with modern equipment, you can learn to cook in a week."

He was diving into a pocket in his shorts. He brought out something made of waterproof silk all covered with terrible green and blue stripes. Carefully he unrolled it and brought out two unmounted snapshots.

"This one," he said, "is the hereditary Bunyan mansion. My own. No mortgage."

It was a small cottage with roses over the door.

"How do you cram yourself into that?" she asked.

"THIS," he persisted, handing her the second one, "is an interior view of the Bunyan kitchen. I had it fixed to suit myself. Floors concreted, not a seam for dust anywhere. Everything electric. I'm a patent lawyer—did I tell you?—and I get a cut on supplies. It's a pleasure to work in that kitchen."

"It's simply perfect," she said. "It reminds me of the place in the dentist's office where they make false teeth."

"I've cooked my meals in that kitchen for over a year. You're the first person I've ever wanted to monkey with my kitchen. I'm fussy that way. Listen, Dolly. With the house and me you won't have an idle moment."

"I guess not. Nursing cans of dynamite and—"

"I mean to say, you can pitch in and help me get ahead. Because I'm on my way up, Dolly, and you're in on the bonanza. Not that I can't live without you. I can mush along. But getting married's going to be wonderful for both of us."

Even then, although he somehow excited her, she couldn't help comparing his proposal to Roger's. Roger's had been like a prayer, like a poem. Only the suddenness of Paul Bunyan brought water to her eyes. She had the feeling of him in the air, at her feet, surrounding her. What a silly thing it would be to give in to him now! She tried to make her voice firm:

"I—I didn't know you felt that way—I mean, do you feel that way? I—I—"

If the canoe wobbled again she didn't know it. It was unexpectedly satisfying, being hauled into Paul's arms. She was working hard to resent him. "It's all wrong," she thought, "when I practically promised Roger. And I don't want Paul to kiss me." But she liked it when he did.

Then he put her back and said, "We're engaged. Aren't we?"

"I—but, Paul—"

Again he unwrapped the blue-and-yellow pouch thing. This time he brought out a little gray suède box. Its lid flew up. An icy diamond sparkled, its prisms catching up the color of water and leaves and bursting flowers.

"Oh, Paul!" This was the conventional thing to say. But what about Roger? Yet this solitaire, when she picked it up, was not to be despised. Four carats, maybe. "Paul, how extravagant of you! You couldn't afford it."

"I measured it from one of the gloves you dropped on the porch," he said, pleased as Punch. "Try it on."

"But if I do—" She paused, holding it in her fingers.

"Why don't you try it on?" He was so persistent.

"That'll mean—I can't—I—"

But something in his hypnotizing eyes made her slip

it over the third finger of her left hand. It was so lovely there.

"So it's official," he said triumphantly.

"Oh." She sat staring down at the jewel, as Marguerite must have stared, with Mephisto at her shoulder. Then a sudden suspicious thought seemed to dim the bright stone, as though a cloud had passed across it.

"Paul, what made you think of getting me this? Today, I mean."

"Isn't the First Gent of Carolina coming round tonight, toting one of his own?" asked Paul brazenly.

"None of your darned business."

"But he is, all right."

"Who told you that?"

"Secret service."

"Paul Bunyan, do you mean to say you're so low as to spy—"

"No, darling. Miss Olive Turnbull sees everything, going and coming. She's in my pay."

"No she isn't. That old thing snoops for pleasure." The ring felt cold on Dolly's finger. "So you did this just to annoy Roger."

"Well, that's part of it—annoying Roger."

The idea of Paul's sending that old beagle, Miss Olive Turnbull, to spy on Roger Pinckney! Roger was above all that. Roger was a gentleman. A Southern gentleman.

"YOU can't leave Roger alone, can you?" she shrilled.

"All right." His big jaw set. "If you'll let me tell you—"

"I won't!" She started to get up, but the canoe wiggled so that she sat down again. "You're not the sort of man that knows what love really is."

"You don't mean to say"—he looked worried, crestfallen—"that you don't like the ring."

"It's too fine." Eying it. "But it isn't love, even if it did cost a lot."

"Twenty-five hundred dollars, in easy payments. That's all right, Dolly. We're going to economize a while, after we're married. And doing your own housework in a kitchen like mine—"

"I know. It's a pleasure."

"Getting mad at me, Dolly?" His brow was all wrinkles. In spite of herself, she had to be a little sorry for him.

"I—didn't mean to take your ring," she faltered.

"Don't apologize. I gave it to you."

"I mean, I've made a mistake."

"Lots of 'em. Lord Whimperdale, for instance."

"That's right. Put a bee on him every chance you get!"

"Another mistake," he persisted, "was educating yourself for business. Golly, Dolly. Imagine you trying to take dictation from the second vice-president of the Arizona Canned Eel Corporation. You wouldn't last a week. It would be almost as ridiculous as marrying the First Gent for his money."

She flared, "If you insist on misunderstanding me—"

"If I misunderstood you, how'd I know all about you?"

"For gosh sake, let me finish a sentence once in a while. I was trying to say that I'd made a mistake by letting you—letting you wish this ring on me when—"

"When it's the luckiest break a girl ever had. Why, woman, marrying me will be the making of you! And that goes for me too. You'll get down to work, have a half dozen kids, and—"

"Here!"

She snatched off the ring and held it out to him.

"What's that?" His face was a blank.

"Our engagement—if you call it that. It's over."

"You've broke the record," he said. "Two minutes."

But he sat there annoyingly, pretending not to see the ring. There were a lot of pebbles in the bottom of the canoe, and these he picked up, examined them carefully, as though they contained the secret of some new and devastating invention.

"But I'm serious," she said. Her arm was getting tired, holding it out so long. "You can take your ring and your house and your electric kitchen and your old canoe buzzer and find the girl that fits them. I'm not it."

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Almost savagely Paul reached out and snatched the glittering bauble away from her.

"Haven't you got any more sense than that?" he glared.

"If you're going to abuse me—"

"All right. So this is final. Is that it?"

"Positively," she said.

"Good. Then the incident is closed."

The motion of his hand was so sudden that she could scarcely follow it. But it was horrible. The little object flying through space, falling into the river with a watery plunk. The diamond ring—twenty-five hundred dollars—drowned and gone!

"Paul—you nut—Paul!"

"It's no use to anybody from now on." Ferociously.

"Paul, darling—" What was she saying? "Paul, I didn't mean to hurt you so. Paul, it's a fortune! You can't afford—"

"Why bring that up?" Haughtily.

"Bring it up is good—a steam dredger couldn't do that."

He looked at her curiously. "You want it back? You'll wear it and be sensible if I bring it back?"

"Yes, Paul. I mean—"

The canoe buckled, tilted, almost foundered, drenching her with a swash of water. She saw the soles of his big feet, then Paul bounding into the river with a mighty sozzle.

The fool had dived in after her ring—or his.

He was gone a long time—alarmingly long. Nobody, she felt, could hold his breath for so many minutes. Dolly made a crazy grab for the paddle, just to be doing something. The end of it was stuck in that nasty little stabilizer, and as she jerked it—*whaaaarrrrr!* The thing started up, full blast. Violently the canoe lurched, tore itself away from the bank, and began to go furiously round and round. Dolly screamed. She dropped the paddle overboard. Her voice came in a whinny, like a nightmare cry: "Paul—Pau—"

Then the circling ceased. Over the edge came strong red hands, gripping lustily. Nobody but Paul could have hands like that. Funny red fingers poked into the canoe and fussed with the stabilizer until it stopped with a squealing curse.

She took a look at Paul. What in the world had happened to him? Something like a misfit beard, in blue and yellow stripes, hung leakily from his chin. A limp rubber band held it in place. It was the tobacco-pouch thing.

"IT nearly drowned me," he said, taking it off. "But I thought I'd try it out. It's supposed to be an emergency respirator. I guess I made a hole in it, with all that junk."

"Well, I'm glad you tried it out on yourself this time, instead of me," she said.

Which wasn't exactly the speech she had planned. During the painful wait for him to come up she had tried to think up some nice remarks expressing heroism.

"You were under water a week," she added coldly.

"Not so long," he said. "I was sitting in the reeds over there, getting my breath back."

"Sweet of you," she informed him sourly. "Just enjoying it while your old buzzer was whirling me to atoms."

"But I stopped you."

"What makes you so mean?" she snapped.

"Diving for diamonds," he said with his tantalizing smile. "But even a trained seal can't pick four carats out of ten thousand gallons of warm soup. Why don't you ask Lord Whimperdale to try it? He's a hero."

"Did I tell you to jump in?" she asked.

"You said words to that effect."

"I did not."

"Well, there were no witnesses," said the patent lawyer.

"Yes, and you're blaming me!" she stormed. "You threw away my—your ring—and made all that fuss about nothing. I wouldn't wear it now if it weighed five pounds and you fished it out of the Arctic Ocean."

"Want me to row you home?" He was so darned mild.

"What with? Your hands? The paddle's gone."

"All right, if you prefer to walk. I'll stay and fix the stabilizer. The quickest way home is by that path over there. The other one leads through a pasture. There's a bull in it, and he goes wild when he sees pink."

Snorting, she plunged up the path. How she hated him! Not the bull but Paul Bunyan. Or both of them.

BUT Roger Pinckney was the sort of lover you can rely on. Reliably he had shown up for supper in a perfectly ducky dinner suit and one of those crinkly dress shirts with a low soft collar that showed the manly lines of his neck. Miss Olive Turnbull, rather snippily indulgent, had given them a table for two, and it was tactful, the way he concealed his distate for boarding-house food. Although he had talked mostly about the Pinckney family and the charms of plantation life, Dolly felt, even before the charlotte russe came on, that she had him in a bag.

After dinner Dolly and Roger had wandered down to the crooked little summerhouse by the river, where they often went to be alone. They had sat there for a long time, under a Carolina moon that was almost too much to bear; it seemed to be spilling liquid poetry down into the water. In the spell of it Dolly just followed the tones of Roger's handsome voice.

But when he talked about her she came to and listened in. He was leading up gradually.

As he talked along she wondered what it would be like when he kissed her. Something delicate and uplifting, she knew. Not like Paul went at it, the mean old rock-crusher.

"Yes," he admitted, but not boastfully, "ours is the produest name in Ca'lina. Or among the very first at least. There are some proud names in the No'th, I reckon. Yours, Miss Dolly." She had weakened into telling him about an Abijah Francis who, she thought, came over in the Mayflower, or something like that. "Our plantation, Miss Dolly, would be a right sweet setting for you. You would be taken into the Family. You're so aristocratic, so exquisite. You would adorn our acres. And you understand how a Southern gentleman's heart is in his acres."

"Yes, I do," she said, but was reflecting, "I'll have to teach him a lot, I guess."

"I am devoting my life," he drawled, "to restoring Holbrooke Plantation to the glory it enjoyed before the war. I am referring to the Civ—the War between the States.

"I inherited the Plantation," he said as simply as Paul had mentioned his dinky cottage. "May I smoke, Miss Dolly?"

He smoked, but didn't offer her a cigarette. Pinckney brides were not supposed to smoke, she inferred.

"The old place," he went on, "seems to call for a lady of your charm and tradition. A delightful lovely girl like you." Gray eyes smoldered under straight black brows as he added slowly, "my little cameo." She let him take her hand. It was about time. "Little cameo, you should be set against a background of gracious living such as you do not find in the No'th."

"How much do you know about the North?" she asked, not withdrawing her hand.

"I tried Princeton for a while. Don't waste your fine perfume in the No'th." His voice was the kind of music that makes you forget the words. "Believe me, Dolly, I would be honored by the privilege of touching the dust on your feet."

She looked at her little shoes, stuck into moonlight.

"Oh, Roger!" she said.

"You recall the promise I made you yesterday?"

"About the—" She couldn't say it. The mention of rings sickened her slightly. But Roger supplied the blank:

"The ring. Miss Dolly, if you will do me the high honor—"

He dipped into his waistcoat pocket. Something in his fingers flashed, larger and more brilliant than Paul's bungled trophy of love. "Miss Dolly—" He stopped, annoyed.

And no wonder. *Trrrrrip—pop-pop.* That devilish little stabilizer coming up the river.

"Gosh!" said Dolly. "There's some more of Paul Bunyan's dirty engineering." She started up, but Roger's delicate hand withheld her. "They'll go by in a minute," he whispered.

In the path of moonlight Dolly could see the canoe bucking along, doing fancy steps. There were two persons aboard. She recognized Paul by his paddling. In zigzags and parabolas the little craft cavorted, now here, now there, until at last, with a frantic swoop, it collided with the bank right under the summerhouse. *Whoosh* went something like a pair of mechanical lungs collapsing.

TWO persons clambered out, an immense one and a little round short one. They touched the summerhouse, they were so close.

"Well, colonel," said Paul Bunyan's cheerful voice, "I've shown you the principle of the thing, anyhow. The trouble's with the rotator. It needs a little going over. But it runs like cream, really, when it's started right."

"When it is perfected, sir," said a very distinguished Charleston voice, "it will revolutionize canoeing. Let me thank you, sir, for the demonstration."

"Not at all," said Paul. "It was a pleasure. I'm afraid you got a little water in your shoes, colonel. Why don't you step in here and spill it out?"

"Thank you, sir. Thank you."

"I've got a flashlight here, if the darned thing works."

Suddenly the whole interior of the summerhouse was flooded with light. Dolly and Roger bounded to their feet as guiltily as though they had been guilty.

"Oh, gosh!" said Paul, slapping a hand over his mouth. "Now, wouldn't I— Hello, Dolly, it's *you!*"

Tableau. Paul standing on one foot, then the other, clumsily embarrassed. Roger dangerously erect, a duelist about to draw. And the little plump man had removed his smallish panama with a graceful sweep. He was quite bald. Between his jowls he showed prominent eyes, a high-bridged nose, a square mouth. He looked a lot like George Washington boiled down and gone fat.

"Miss Francis," said Paul Bunyan, recovering rapidly from his nervousness, "allow me to present Colonel Holbrooke Pinckney."

Colonel Pinckney swept his panama to the ground. That was all very fine, but what was Roger Pinckney doing all of a sudden? He took a step toward the outside, stopped, screwed up his face until it lost most of its nice lines.

"And of course, colonel," said Paul, his detaining hand on Roger's arm, "I don't have to introduce you to Roger Pinckney. You're second cousins, I believe."

Roger had extended an all too cordial hand, but the colonel's went behind his back.

"I did not invite this meeting, Mr. Pinckney, sir," said his clear fine voice, cutting like so much wire. "But since I have the—er—fortuitous pleasure, let me say a few necessary words in behalf of the Family. What right have you, sir, to be representing yourself here as a Carolina Pinckney?"

"Just as much as you have, I guess," replied Roger, suddenly losing his Southern drawl. "My name's Pinckney. I can prove it."

"No doubt," said the colonel judgmatically. "No doubt. Although I believe you spell your name without the c. But that is not the point. Certain processes of the law, sir, made it necessary for the Family to part with Holbrooke Plantation temporarily. Temporarily, I say. I have no doubt, Mr. Pinkney"—and the name seemed to drop its c as he spoke it—"you come of worthy

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DON'T EVER SEND MISS LEE AGAIN TO TAKE MY DICTATION! HER WORK IS GOOD, BUT HER BREATH..!
CAN HE MEAN ME?
SORRY YOU OVERHEARD, SANDRA... COULD IT BE YOUR TEETH?
MY TEETH? CAN TEETH CAUSE BAD BREATH?
SO SHE SAW HER DENTIST...
YES, MISS LEE, MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. IT IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH.
FOLLOWED HIS ADVICE-
HE SAID COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS AT THE CAUSE OF BAD BREATH – THOSE HIDDEN FOOD DEPOSITS. AND MY MOUTH DOES FEEL CLEAN AND FRESH!
AND THEN..
NOBODY HERE BUT THAT MISS LEE...? WELL–SEND HER IN!
VERY GOOD, MISS LEE! I'M SORRY – I – ER – THAT IS I'M GOING TO WANT YOU TO DO A LOT MORE OF MY WORK IN THE FUTURE!
WELL, I GUESS THAT PROVES THAT COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM HAS ENDED MY BAD BREATH – AND MY TEETH HAVE NEVER BEEN SO BRIGHT!
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people somewhere in Nebraska, or possibly Montana. But when you purchased our estate you had not the slightest authority for claiming even the remotest connection with our Family."

Paul Bunyan stepped over and took Dolly by the elbow. Maybe she looked as though she were going to fall down.

"Recently the Pinckney family, which I represent as senior member," went on the lecture, "has become cognizant of your outrageous impertinence. I shall be brief, sir, but let this serve as a warning. You may call yourself Smith, if you so desire, but you cannot pass yourself off as one of the famous Smith family of South Carolina. Nor can you continue to masquerade as one of the South Carolina Pinckneys. For if you do"—the colonel's short slender forefinger went up—"I shall request the legal services of Mr. Bunyan to enjoin you, sir—enjoin you from misrepresenting our Family in this state or any other."

Colonel Pinckney was just making something that looked a lot like a gesture of excommunication when Paul's flashlight fizzed and went out.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Bunyan," said the fine high voice out of darkness, "for the enjoyable canoe ride and the pleasure of meeting Miss Francis."

There was a shuffle of feet. People were going away in two directions. Dolly heard the metallic tinkle of the flashlight being fixed. Then the place was flooded with brilliance, and there was Paul, grinning.

"Well," she said, "you managed it, didn't you?"

"I—manage?" Innocent as a lamb.

She couldn't keep from laughing. "Don't stand there holding that torch like the Goddess of Liberty. This place smells of potatoes."

They went out and sat on the grass. It was nice to collapse, she felt so weak.

"NOW, here's the way it is," he began.

"I don't care how it is—you—"

"The first time I set eyes on you I said, 'There's a girl that deserves a first-class man.' Didn't I do my best to marry you myself?"

"Almost drowning me, you mean. And losing my ring!"

"A mere bagatelle. When Roger barged in I smelled cheap soap—just sniffed it. Then I got my secret service to work. Miss Olive dug out the first dirt about Roger. Then I decided to get Colonel Holbrooke Pinckney to look at my stabilizer. Of course his interest in me was purely scientific—"

"Oh, yeah?"

"He's a thirty-third-degree aristocrat, you know. So I wouldn't think of doing anything so vulgar as to bring up Roger. But I'd learned a lot about him. His father stole a mine out West and was chased out of the state, taking the money with him. Then Roger came down here, bought the Pinckney property, and decided to whitewash the past by being a Southern gent. He learned his accent at night school, I guess."

"You might have told me that before," she said, but not too angrily.

"What? Every time I opened my mouth about Roger you threw a horseshoe in." He paused, leaning protectively over her. Suddenly she had a feeling of not being good enough for him. Something in her throat felt big and miserable.

"Sore at me still?" he asked.

She didn't answer. She couldn't.

"Dolly," he persisted, "a man's got to be pretty wild about a woman to go around making a damned nuisance of himself the way I have."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I'm not such a fool as you think I am," she whispered. "Yes, I am. Paul, will you do me just one more favor?"

"Dolly, you know it."

"Do you think you could—could marry me now?"

He grabbed her so suddenly that her bones seemed to rattle.

"Now you'd better kiss me," he growled.

"I won't," she said.

But she did.

She was crying all over his cheek. Paul was patting her so that it hurt. She liked it.

"P-PAUL," she wept, "I made you lose my—your ring. We can't afford another one."

Without a word, like the magician that he was, he went into his waistcoat pocket and brought out a diamond ring so like the other you couldn't tell them apart.

"Are you crazy, you extravagant thing?" she cried.

But he slipped it on her finger.

"Now quit arguing," he said. "Dolly, I got a big piece of news this afternoon. A client of mine sold a revolutionary invention."

"And you own the patent?"

"No. But he's going to install it free in our house."

"What is it, Paul?"

"A new kind of vacuum cleaner. It's different."

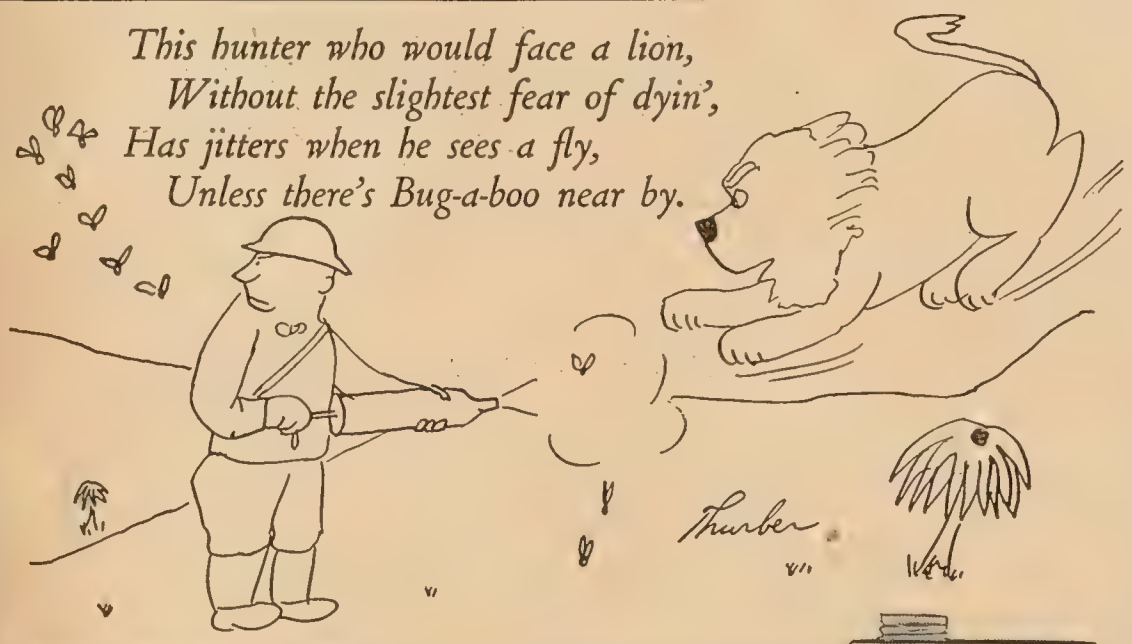
"I'll bet it is."

"Dolly, it almost runs itself," he crowed. "You'll have more fun with that vacuum cleaner!"

"You know what I love about you, Paul?" she said, nestling closer. "You're so restful."

But Paul was unusually quiet. He was wondering just how long he'd better wait before he told her that the ring he'd just given her was the one he threw in the river. But he hadn't thrown it in, exactly. Instead of the solitaire he'd tossed in one of the pebbles from the bottom of the canoe and hung on to the solitaire. For he knew that, with a girl who changed her mind so often, he'd be needing that ring again pretty soon.

THE END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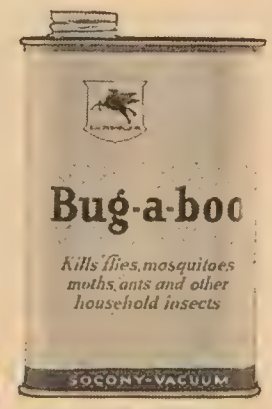

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by
BEVERLY HILLS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
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READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

★★★★ WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

THE PLAYERS: Jenny Wren, Cock Robin, Cuckoo, Blackbird, Legs Sparrow, Sam Ginsbird, Oliver Owl, Paul Parrot. Animated cartoon in color. Walt Disney Studio.

APPARENTLY the only way to keep Silly Symphonies out of Liberty's four-star rating is to set fire to Walt Disney's miniature studio, where some five hundred artists, musicians, technicians, and gagmen merge their wits to brew Hollywood's most potent blend of fantasy and ribaldry.

Now the Silly Symphonies offer a murder mystery. Its first sleuthing presentation—based on that mooted birdland question, Who Killed Cock Robin?—would not shame Erle Stanley Gardner. Set in some of the loveliest color backgrounds yet contrived, this cinema hors d'oeuvre tells of one Cock Robin, a whistling cavalier hot after the favors of Jenny Wren.

The jury welcomes the testimony of Jenny Wren. A scene from the film Who Killed Cock Robin?

When her fine-feathered wooer is mysteriously shot by an arrow, all the suspects—Legs Sparrow, Blackbird, and Cuckoo—are rounded up by the airway patrol to be grilled by Sam Ginsbird, who pleads the case before Judge Oliver Owl and the chorus of jurybirds.

Though no review can fully recapture or analyze the piquant flavor of these animal-land activities, moviegoers need only be told that there has been no letdown in their quality.

However, ingratiating as they are, there has been a recent trend to caricature celebrities in these cartoons. And this, we feel, is a dangerous thing. For animated drawings are, paradoxically, never so believable as when they show unreal life.

VITAL STATISTICS: Who Killed Cock Robin? a problem that's puzzled the world since B. S. S. (Before Silly Symphonies), has been solved by Walt (Perry Mason) Disney in the first Disney mystery production. Story was started two years ago but didn't have the right ending. Back it went in the files. The story crew messed with it in fatiguing conference (no Disney story is written by one man with one pencil—it's writ in chorus). No luck. Back in the files it went. It became such an in-and-outer that finally the files collapsed, and lest more files be ruined the Disney doughboys said, "Make it or throw it to the lions." Being fresh out of lions, Disney made it, finding a less tip-off ending than "'I,' said the Sparrow, 'with my bow and arrow.'" . . . Picture contains 737 feet of action, which means 11,729 frames of celluloid, which means the same number of separate exposures, which means at least one drawing for each exposure. Upward of 200 colors were used—and if Mr. Fittlehauser in the third row has a skeptical grin on his homely mug, he can go right ahead and count 'em! Five months of actual production were required, and you see it in a fraction over eight minutes. . . . In recording, over forty voices were used, in addition to main characters, for snorts, quacks, and smrms. For the jury a double male quartet sang lustily and loud. . . . Disney is always on the lookout for artists—not artists whose mothers say they can draw but potential Mikkelangelows. The idea is to send in samples, get sent for, then get taken on and put through the Disney Mouse Canneries. At first the tyros get doughnut-and-coffee money and learn the out-of-bounds markers on the Disney place. Then the in-between or motion theories are gone into, the salary being around fifty dollars a week and the time elapsed about four weeks. Comes the advanced or final stage (three months elapsed) in which action analysis is applied to comedy and the senior steps out to a full-fledged job of showing seasick Lolly Lobsters turn green before your eyes. Either that or else he is asked by Dean Disney to leave, his work not being up to the usual high standards of the Canning Works. . . . New birth at Disneyville: Elmer Elephant. Father and child doing well at box office.

★★★ BROADWAY GONDOLIER

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Louise Fazenda, William Gargan, George Barbier, Grant Mitchell, Ted Fio-Rito and his band, the Mills Brothers, Hobart Cavanaugh, Joseph Sauers. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Story by Sig Herzig, E. Y. Harburg, and Hans Kraly.

HAVING been the object of many Broadway satires, the movies turn about and, in an entertaining burlesque, take a few playful punches at the radio. Broadway Gondolier, in which the boyish Dick Powell is very boyish indeed, shows the inside workings of a national broadcasting studio.

Dick Powell is seen as an ambitious cab driver with a gold-standard voice who, finding the gate to musical fame locked to Americans, runs away to Italy. Though his voice does not impress these ears as being of operatic caliber, the Italians, listening along the banks of the Venice canals, hail the new gondolier as a great discovery. When Mrs. Flagenheim (Louise Fazenda), president of Flagenheim's Cheeses, hears the ex-cabby, she brings him back to the American ether waves as a rival to the crooners.

Complications, such as the gondolier's fear of being recognized by old friends and station secretary Joan Blondell's refusal to marry him if he returns to taxi driving, give the picture enough suspense to hold interest through the comedy and songs. Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou, Grant Mitchell, William Gargan, and Joan Blondell aid Dick Powell with enthusiastic support. And Harry Warren and Al Dubin give the film some easily whistled tunes that Ted Fio-Rito and the dusky Mills

Brothers employ to make this a pleasing time waster.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production, once started, held up an entire month while that old smoothie Adolphe Menjou hospitaled for stomach ailment. Back in harness, Menjou worked with a nurse on the set, having to be fed and soothed every two hours. H'm. Just an old soothie! He's still a bit shaky. Menjou, you know, is a Pittsburgh product. He started in the war with his alma mater Cornell's unit as a private and emerged a captain. Though he's been an Italian three times in his screen career, this is the first time Menjou's ever had to dress seedily. Is still much married to Verree Teasdale. . . . Motherhood's made Joan Blondell a trifle more mature-looking. She's nuts about Baby Norman, whom she quiets by turning cartwheels in front of him. Norman's often on the set when she works and she slips off to mother him between shots. . . . Dick Powell takes off in opera for the first time. So smitten is he with result, he's taking voice culture on the side and hopes to spend his postmovie days in the concert hall and thence by easy stages to the Big Scream—Opera—itself. He's a Mountain View, Arkansawyer, and a graduate Pittsburgh Theater M. C. He had to learn to gondolier both Broadway and Venetian style. And don't tell me Johnny Weissmuller wouldn't make the best traffic cop in Venice. . . . Venice was constructed on the Warner back lot, the studio pool having the right viscidity for Venetian canal water. Personally I don't see how those Venetian gondoliers can sing so beautifully with such ducksoupy waters underfoot. . . . Picture cost around four hundred grand. . . . They wore red flannels filming the night love scenes on the canal. Hollywood's hot by day but durned chilly by night, or, if you prefer, not so hot at any time. . . . William Gargan finally achieved a boyhood ambish when allowed to lead Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra for scene. Ted unfortunately was standing behind him waving the baton offscene just to keep it musical.

★ ★ ½ ORCHIDS TO YOU

THE PLAYERS: John Boles, Jean Muir, Charles Butterworth, Ruthelma Stevens, Harvey Stephens, Arthur Lake, Spring Byington, Sidney Toler. Directed by William Seiter. Story by Gordon Rigby and Robert Dillon.

DOCTORS are not the only ones who guard the secrets of their patients' private lives. Florists too, it seems, often learn more about their clients than is comfortable for both parties. In Orchids to You, Jean Muir, a successful florist, discovers much about the infidelities of the rich all because she knows who's sending flowers to whom.

When attorney John Boles demands that she disclose some of her knowledge in a divorce case which he is handling, Miss Muir, loyal to her clients, refuses and is shipped off to jail for contempt of court. What Boles did not know was that his wife had been the one receiving flowers from the man in the case. Around this situation Orchids to You emerges as an earnest little study in business ethics in which baritone Boles manages to sing a few songs and in which Miss Muir is pleasantly sincere as the tormented businesswoman.

VITAL STATISTICS: The orchid, strangely, doesn't grow on the shoulder strap of a debutante's evening gown. Contrarily, there are over 150 species growing wild in these United States and Canada, and every state in the Union can boast one variety, with the South way in the lead. World estimates vary between 7,500 and 15,000 different breeds, but only seven of these species are grown commercially, according to B. O. Bracey, authority on such matters. Something like ten million orchids are grown and sold annually in this country when good times boom. The retail value of such love tokens runs to $40,000,000. . . . If the careers of coal miners, G men, N. G. men, pearl divers, plumbers, radioleers, country maidens, farmers, farmers' dotters, salesmen, playboys, and movie actors have been gone into thoroughly in celluloid, this is the first time the retail florist has given his all to the drama. There are 20,000 florists in the country, they average $500,000,000 a year business. Perhaps Hollywood will now reveal the heartbreak behind the rubber manufacturers, what flyswatter makers do in the wintertime, and the ups and downs of Ferris wheel fashioners' lives. . . . John Boles says he never has trouble meeting tax assessors or autograph collectors around Hollywood, but somehow in that tightly packed little community he never meets up with a lot of fellow workers whom he admires. Director Seiter was able to introduce Boles to Muir, to Butterworth, etc., for the first time, as they'd never met. None are particularly shy, either. Both Boles and Jean Muir set out to be doctors. Boles dreamed of sawing bones in his U. of Texas days, but instead of going to Johns Hopkins after gradding he went into the army. He served for twenty-two months as a spy with the A. E. F. He has had thirty different roles in his thirty-odd feature pictures and is not in fear of being typed, and Miss Muir longs to cease being sixteen and play roles with long hair and troubles—unlike most screen queens: they want to stay young.

★ ½ MAD LOVE

THE PLAYERS: Peter Lorre, Frances Drake, Colin Clive, Ted Healy, Sara Haden, Edward Brophy, Henry Kolker, Isabel Jewell, Keye Luke, Harold Huber, Ian Wolfe, and others. Directed by Karl Freund. Story by M. Renard.

PETER LORRE, the fat trout-eyed little master of chills who gave the screen its finest maniac performance in the German film M, plays the grotesque Dr. Gogol in this macabre picture. When Frances Drake's pianist husband, Colin Clive, gets his hands hopelessly mangled in a train wreck, she seeks out the famous medico. He tries a wild experiment. He severs those of an executed knife thrower and grafts them on to the musician.

Up to this point Mad Love has the ingredients of a hair-raising celluloid nightmare. But from there on the audience is asked to believe that the musician becomes, overnight, a skilled knife thrower bent on murder; that Dr. Gogol, who has fallen in love with a wax model of Miss Drake, thinks that it has come to life when she visits his gloomy rooms. Mad love is likely to create more laughs than thrills.

VITAL STATISTICS: A bird of paradox, Peter Lorre is equally at home in horror or light comedy. In Europe he's played every type of role from sixteen to ninety. Was born in Rosenberg, Hungary. School done, he was put in a bank. He organized a little theater on the side; began producing plays on a shoestring; came late to work one morning; got dismissed. So he went sock and buskin the whole hog. Bemonocled Fritz Lang caught him in Berlin in 1931, in Spring's Awakening, and the result was the mystery sensation that made both him and Fritz Lang overnight. Before heading U. S.-ward Lorre married Cecile Lvovsky, his leading lady, and studied English furiously, mastering it perfectly in a little time. He is five feet five; weighs 160 pounds. Shaved his head as bare as the eight-ball for this role and almost scared M-G-M workers to death as he walked around the studio in make-up going to his tasks. . . . Karl Freund has the largest equator in Hollywood. Round in the middle, he tapers away gradually to normal top and bottom. Started his career as a cameraman for the big European directors. His strange plastic photography revolutionized American camera work and they're still straining to make Freundian transom shots look unforced. Gets weird atmosphere with lights and camera angles. . . . Guy Endore, who scripted this one, is author of The Werewolf of Paris, a Columbia University grad, a big authority on learning. He has blue eyes, French-fried hair, and dresses like Peter the Hermit.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Informer, Black Fury, The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer.

★★★—Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G Men, Doubting Thomas, Les Misérables, Star of Midnight, Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor.

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Mattie's Diary

Liberty's Short Short

by HAGAR WILDE

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

DANIEL ROARK had slaved and saved for ten years to buy a small-town newspaper. He had finally acquired the Sudbury Bugle, which had a circulation of ten thousand in a town of twenty thousand.

Daniel was reporter, editor, caption editor, and contact man. Previous to this, Daniel's feet had been stuck under a rewrite desk on a Los Angeles paper, and his dearest dream had been to see some of his views aired in a paper where he wielded the blue pencil.

Everything had gone along swimmingly until certain people started a certain project to which Daniel had conscientious objections. Daniel started airing his views.

The town hall was being torn down and a magnificent new edifice was to be erected in its place.

Daniel's editorials dealt directly with the town hall and the people who were responsible for the appropriation.

He said a great deal, and he said it with heat. He called the mayor everything but a second-story man, and suggested that the ancestors of the town's leading contractor were horse thieves or worse.

The mayor called on Daniel. Daniel talked back.

Clem Davenstrat, the contractor, called on him, and Daniel acquired himself a pair of abraded knuckles and a lot of satisfaction.

Then the president of the leading (and only) bank called on Daniel. Daniel had a note at the bank, hadn't he? Daniel had. The president of the bank was awfully sorry—he practically wept—but he couldn't extend that note.

Daniel couldn't meet that note, which was due in two weeks, and he figured that he might as well have a good time. He wrote lots more copy dealing with the town hall and Sudbury's leading citizens. Daniel was Irish, and graft to him was not merely a five-letter word meaning illegitimate gain.

At ten o'clock the next morning three advertising accounts were withdrawn. This left Daniel running only a news sheet and gave him more space in which to attack the mayor, the chairman of the council, the bank president, and the contractor.

Then one night Mattie Lawrence, who lived on the other side of town, took poison and screamed. The neighbors went in for the first time in ten years, and called the doctor and then Daniel.

Daniel put his hat on the dresser and helped where he could. Mattie wasn't unconscious. She had a lot to say, and she said it fast and profanely.

She had minded her own business for ten years, and being thrown out of Sudbury by a white-livered committee was not to her liking. Dan gathered that she had been called on the night before. She said a few things about the mayor and the bank president, and progressed to the chairman of the council in a familiar way which indicated that she had seen more of him than his picture in the Sudbury Bugle. She discoursed until, with Dan smoothing her frowzy blond brow, she died.

Daniel sat there while the doctor mopped his brow and cursed; and then, whistling softly, he went out and rummaged through Mattie's untidy desk. Finally he came upon a battered red book bearing the inscription *Diary*.

He thumbed through it hastily. Then, whistling merrily, Daniel went back to the office and wrote the story.

A small strip of print just under it said:

"The Diary of Mattie Lawrence will be published serially beginning day after tomorrow."

Meanwhile Daniel Roark sat with his feet on his desk and whistled merrily while waiting.

The president of the bank came first. He was breathing hard, as though he'd been hurrying.

"Hello, Dan," he said.

"Hi," Dan said, and resumed his whistling.

The bank president sat down. "You know," he said, "I've been thinking it over, and I've come to the conclusion that you've got a paying proposition in the Bugle."

"I've been thinking that myself," Dan said.

"I think," the banker said, "that we could arrange to extend that note of yours, under the circumstances."

"Well, thanks," Dan said. "That's a relief."

JIM STRAUS, the chairman of the council, missed his friend by three seconds.

"Dan," he said, edging up on his chair and putting his hands on his knees, "I figure that you've had a rotten deal at the hands of those fellows. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking about it, and I said to myself, 'Tomorrow I'm going to go down and tell that kid I'll take his note up at the bank and see that he gets his advertisers back.' That's what I said, and I mean it."

"Oh, the note's all fixed up," Dan said. "Davis just left."

Straus mopped his forehead feverishly. "That was an interesting story about what's-her-name—ah—"

"Mattie Lawrence," Dan said.

"This diary, now," said Straus. "That should be pretty spicy."

"It *should* be," said Daniel.

"Mentions names and things, I suppose?"

"We-ell, a few," Daniel said.

"I suppose you'll edit it pretty carefully," Straus said.

"Everything that goes into my paper is carefully edited," said Dan.

"Well, I'll be getting along. And don't forget, Dan, I'm your friend."

In the space of an hour the contractor and the mayor had dropped in. When the last visitor had gone, Dan fumbled in a drawer and drew forth Mattie's diary. He smiled at some of the entries. They ran thus:

Monday: Wrote a letter to mother today. Washed the living-room curtains. Bought a doily at the ten-cent store and started working it. Had a letter from Dolly saying that Frank is sick again.

Tuesday: It was a beautiful day. Cleaned house thoroughly. Worked on the doily a while and took a walk this afternoon. Brought some wild flowers back. Think I'll get an overstuffed set for the living room this fall. It will dress the house up wonderful. . . .

THE END

Hangman's

America in 1935!—The Record of an Amazing Episode . . . If This Were a Tale from Medieval Times How Many Would Believe It?

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WELL, sir," the old man said, " it was a right nice hangin', as pretty a job as you ever see, and the biggest crowd Smithland, Kaintucky, ever had. Fo'-five thousand people in town, men, women, and kids, and every last one of them satisfied with the show. Even the boy that got hung was satisfied, seems like.

"Fo'-five thousand people there, awatchin' and alistenin' and aprayin' fo' him to git hung and git it over with—and he takin' the chance to tell 'em all what's in his gizzard, atalkin' and atalkin', till the sheriff fixed the knot under his off ear and let him drop.

" Be a long time afo' you see another hangin' like that —with his father and his sister astandin' at the foot o' the gallows, pale and shakin', a misery in their eyes people couldn't look at. And the woman he raped astarin' up at him and awaitin' for jestice. And him atauntin' an' ascornin' her, atellin' her she was nothing but a murderer and should be hung instead o' him!

" Didn't want the soil o' Livingston County slapped in his face, he said. Too good for it. He was agoin' to be buried in McCracken County—where there was still jestice. He was a robber but not a raper. Oh, he robbed them three women all right, but somebody else must 'a' raped 'em. Willie De Boe was agoin' to his death an innocent man. Willie De Boe was agoin' straight through the pearly gates. And woe to them as framed him!

" Guilty or innocent? They's two sets o' people in Kaintucky, and elsewheres. One set claims this, th'other th'other. Kaintucky hung him; but people come from Illinois and Tennessee and Ohio, and places you never heard of, to see him git hung. Papers said there was fo'teen hund'ed witnesses. Fo'teen hund'ed? There was that many in the trees alone. Sheriff's little rope trick sho' enough put Smithland on the map—and saved the Regulators a dirty job."

Smithland is the county seat of Livingston County. It claims a population of 500. It sprawls in the dust by the Ohio, a friendly town, blessed with quaint beauty and Democratic ways. Its citizens are 95 per cent Anglo-Saxon stock. The bones of their forebears have rested in Kentucky soil for generations.

The main street crawls lazily in from the green countryside, twisting past log cabins that were old when Lincoln was a child, and by modern clapboard houses. One- and two-story buildings march down either side of the road on the block near the river. Many of them are unpainted. All of them are old. Grim tanned men in overalls and slouch hats stroll leisurely or stand in groups, talking and spitting tobacco juice at ants. In the shade near the water Negroes lie and dream. The red bricks that house the county officials stand farther up the street —red bricks erected before the Civil War. Behind them are the little whitewashed brick jail and the wooden sheds and outhouses.

The average tourist would vote this community the most serene on earth—until he was told about the Regulators. The Regulators are Vigilantes with masks, Klansmen without bedsheets, night riders without steeds. There are from a thousand to fifteen hundred in Livingston County. They vote as a unit. They can elect a man or keep him out of office.

They torture people they do not like—and they detest the ungodly. Seldom are their deeds recorded in the newspapers. But it is known that they broke into the Smithland jail, locked up the jailer, with a sack over his head, and kidnaped a prisoner charged with breaking into a smokehouse. They tied him to a tree and pulled his clothes off him. They beat him with heavy sticks and switches. But he would not confess his crime until they threatened to drench him with " coal ile " and set him afire. They whipped an old woman because they didn't like the conduct of her two daughters.

" They do a heap o' good," a native told me, " whippin' drunks and thieves and adulterers the co'ts can't reach. People are God-fearin' now in these parts."

In the summer of 1934 two men committed three robberies in Livingston County, and tied two women to their beds and attacked them. A tall man and a short man, the victims said. The tall man was the raper. He beat Mrs. Harve Driskill with the butt of his gun. Then he thrust the muzzle of the weapon deep into her flesh and twisted it while she screamed in agony. He raped Mrs. Randall Johnson, while his pal guarded

Holiday

Acme photos

Willie De Boe taunting Mrs. Johnson from the gallows a moment before he swung. Beside him is the hangman, Phil Hanna. Left: The entire scene at that same grim moment.

her husband and her two little children cried in terror.

Not in many years had such atrocious crimes been committed in Livingston County. The tall and the short man must be found and put to death. No punishment was too awful for them. But they had vanished from the county, running off in Randall Johnson's auto, taking with them more than $100 worth of goods from his store and nine or ten dollars from his pockets.

For weeks and weeks the Regulators of Livingston and Lyon counties sought the robbers. But all they learned was that a boy had seen the pair going through a woods, on a road leading into Tennessee.

IN July Sheriff George Heater of Smithland learned that two men were under arrest at Dyersburg, Tennessee, charged with robbing and raping a woman sixty-eight years old; a tall man and a short man—Willie De Boe and Ezra Davenport. They had with them some goods believed to have been stolen—shoes and flashlight batteries.

"Them are the two," Randall Johnson said. "They stole shoes and batteries from me."

The sheriff put Mr. and Mrs. Johnson into a car and started for Dyersburg. All over Livingston and Lyon counties men prepared for a lynching. But while the Regulators were arming, some one phoned to M. E. Gilbert, a Paducah lawyer, promising him a fee to "git to Dyersburg quick" and save the prisoners.

Sheriff Heater and the Johnsons arrived at Dyersburg first. Johnson identified the shoes and batteries. Then he and Mrs. Johnson were led to the cell.

"Those are the men," Johnson said.

Mrs. Johnson pointed to the tall man.

"He's the one who raped me," she said.

Gilbert got to Dyersburg in time. He warned the sheriff. The prisoners were taken from their cell, helped into a closed sedan, and hurried to the penitentiary at Eddyville, Kentucky. As Gilbert started back to his home he passed the Regulators on the road.

Almost immediately an indictment was obtained, a jury was impaneled, an attorney was appointed to defend Willie De Boe.

Davenport got a change of venue. He was promptly

Willie's father and sister at the foot of the gallows—"pale and shakin', a misery in their eyes." Below: Mrs. Johnson, with her husband, gives Willie stare for stare.

Keystone View photo

tried. He was convicted on three charges of robbery and sentenced to twenty-seven years. He was convicted on two charges of aiding and abetting Willie De Boe on two charges of rape—this before Willie was tried—and forty more years were added to his sentence.

Willie was tried in Livingston County. His attorney, Charley Ferguson, a resident of Smithland, asked for no change of venue. It never occurred to him that the jury would hang his client. No white man had ever been hanged for rape. Not in Kentucky.

Willie's father, a stooped white-haired old man, went to see the Johnsons just before the trial began.

"I know how you feel, Mist' Johnson," he said, "and—

"And I know how you feel, Mist' De Boe," the storekeeper answered. "Yo' only son! I got two boys o' my own. I'm sorry fo' you—and fo' you' gal too. A right sweet gal, Mist' De Boe."

"I'm only atryin' to save my boy's neck, Mist' Johnson."

"Sho! I knowed that. He'll git a fair square trial, I promise you. We ain't aframin' him, and there ain't agoin' to be no mob violence. We already asked our kin and our friends to let the law take its co'se. And they promised. And the jedge proclaimed it."

The old man nodded his head. His watery blue eyes said thanks. He turned and shambled away.

The trial lasted four days. Every morning Willie was brought in from Eddyville, armed guards protecting him. Every day men walked the main street before the courthouse, carrying coils of rope. "If the jury don't hang him," they swore, "we'll hang the jury."

Willie was tried on the rape charge. Mrs. Johnson told her story simply. Willie corroborated it in every little detail—up to a certain point. He admitted the robbery, but he denied the rape.

Davenport also said Mrs. Johnson's story was true, so far as he knew. He didn't know anything about the rape. He wasn't in the house at the time. After he ate up Johnson's supper he took the man out and threw him, bound, into his car—Johnson's car. He asked Willie to come help him. Willie came out of the house, opened the gate so the auto could go down the road toward the store, rode down a piece, and then went back to shet the gate. He was gone only fo'-five minutes. He couldn't of raped that woman. He didn't have time.

Johnson testified Willie was gone about thirty minutes, and that he didn't shut the gate. The jury preferred to believe him.

Willie wasn't tried for the rape of Mrs. Driskill. Her name wasn't mentioned during the trial, except as a victim of robbery. But everybody in Livingston County knew she had identified Willie De Boe as her attacker.

CHARLEY FERGUSON, a sad little man with an impossible job on his hands, did his best. He tried to make Mrs. Johnson say she'd identified another man before Willie was caught. He failed. He tried to make her husband admit telling a newspaperman his wife hadn't been raped. He failed. Johnson said he didn't want the newspapers to know his wife had been attacked. He had asked a newspaperman not to print it. But he had never denied it to anybody.

As the trial came to its close and Ferguson realized he was beaten, he fought desperately for Willie's life. He tried to find some measure of mercy for his client, if not in the hearts of the jurors at least in the minds of the authorities. He reminded them that Willie had turned state's evidence against five men who helped him and Davenport plan the robberies and who shared in the loot. But nobody thought any the more of Willie for this service to the state. Within five minutes after retiring the jury found Willie guilty and fixed his punishment at death. He was sentenced to be hanged.

M. E. Gilbert aided Ferguson in taking the case up on appeal. He also went to see Governor Ruby Laffoon.

"The governor promised me the boy would get a square deal," said Gilbert. "'If the courts don't give him clemency,' he told me, 'I will.' He gave me his hand on it, and I expected him to keep his word. The same week he let Willie hang, he pardoned a man serving fifteen years for raping a young married woman in Paducah.

"Willie's trial was a tragic farce. His hanging was legalized mobbery. He couldn't have escaped it."

The appeal failed. Marjorie De Boe, Willie's sister, went to plead with the governor. He was too busy to see her. He could do nothing, he said.

"I knowed Bill would git hung," Randall Johnson told me. He was lounging back of the counter in his general store, some miles out of Smithland. He spoke without rancor, without emphasis. He spoke of "Bill" as though he were an old friend. Nobody else called the man by that name. De Boe himself preferred to be called Willie.

"I was agoin' to kill him myself, there in Dyersburg when I saw him in his cell."

He paused to dish out penny candies to a little girl.

"I knowed him the minute I see him. I had a gun on me, and I thought, 'I'll shoot him dead.' Then I thought, 'No; I'll bash in his face with the butt. Killin's too good for him.' Then I thought, 'No. Jest let him git hung.' I was glad, when I went out, that I didn't make no gunplay. But any man'll know how I felt.

"SHO' I knowed he'd hang. Charley Wilson, the circuit jedge, told me he talked to the governor.

"'Ruby,' Charley told the governor, 'if they ever was a rape case needed a hangin', this is it. I knowed them two women he raped. I knowed 'em since they was little gals. They ain't no better women on God's footstool. They're as good as yore wife, or mine.'

"And the governor says, he says, 'Charley, if that's the way you feel about it, I think the boy'll git hung.'"

I went to see Judge Wilson after I left the Johnsons. It was a little after five o'clock in the evening. The judge was at home. He shouted for me to come in. He was lying in bed, with all his clothes on.

"I got a headache," he explained. "What's on your mind?" I told him. "Well," he said, "if the Johnsons were fool enough to talk to you, I ain't."

The authorities at Smithland fretted somewhat, for at first they didn't know where to hang Willie. There wasn't room in the jail. There wasn't a building in town suitable. So it had to be a public hanging.

A site was selected just back of the jail, with a row of privies on one side and a few sheds on the other. A rough fence was made about the enclosure, and a gallows was borrowed from Illinois. It came in on a truck, there being no railroads of any kind in Livingston County, and was assembled and nailed together on Holy Thursday. There was no official hangman in Kentucky, so they invited a professional from Illinois, Mr. Phil Hanna, who had presided at sixty-seven hangings.

Hanna showed the sheriff how to work the trap, and tested the apparatus by dropping a bag of cement through it. The bag fell true, but it struck the ground with a crash. The hangman was horrified.

"You got to have more room down there," he said. "You want the poor boy to break both his legs? Dig a hole there where the bag fell. Make it roomy and comfortable. He'll want to swing a little when he drops."

Everything was ready when Willie was brought to the jail a little after midnight on Good Friday morning. A great crowd was waiting, heedless of the rain. Some women held babies in their arms or suckled them. People were in the trees, on the telegraph poles, on roofs. Dozens were sitting and standing and lying on top of the privies exchanging bawdy jokes. Boys and girls were cutting peepholes in the gallows fence.

Sometime after midnight the cars came streaming in from Eddyville, sirens screaming, cutouts roaring. Armed men poured out of them and clustered about De Boe.

The drums of talk stopped rolling. Jim Martin, the jailer, called, "Hello, Willie—thought you'd changed your mind and wasn't comin'. Step in out the rain."

He opened the door of the steel cage, built in 1860, unlocked a cell, and ushered his guest inside.

"Ham and eggs and coffee," the guest ordered.

"Comin' up," Jim Martin answered. He turned away, bumped into Phil Hanna. The hangman had the rope in his hands. "Nice knot, Jim," he said.

"Thanks." It was Martin's first attempt at tying such a knot. He felt flattered.

"You got the whang of the knot, son," Hanna continued, "but you ain't left enough rope to hang a cat with. You got to do it over. I'm sorry."

Boys and girls were peering in through the windows of the jail. Back of them the drums were rolling anew, growing in volume, savagely stirring.

Newspapermen crowded about the door of Willie's cell. Willie ignored them, calling after the jailer, "And a couple aspirin tablets with that order, Jim."

Reporters fired questions at him. Photographers begged him to pose. Willie smiled and smoked one cigarette after another, savoring his sudden importance.

"You don't snap me behind the bars," he said. "But I'll be takin' a walk. You can git me then."

Jim Martin picked out the knot and retied it. Hanna peered over his shoulder.

"And now you got too much rope. Sorry. It's still a nice knot, but the rope's got to be just right."

Jim showed the rope to Hanna.

"O. K.," Hanna said. "But you got to take all the slack out o' that noose. Move it up this way with your thumb. Give it a good half hour."

"Are you innocent?" a reporter asked Willie.

"You all think I'm guilty, don't you?" Willie returned, sneering. "And you think I'll weaken? Not Willie De Boe. Willie De Boe goes down swingin' and smilin'. That's me—Smilin' Willie De Boe!"

Jim Martin shoved up the slack until his thumbs ached and his arms felt stiff and cramped.

"Fine," Hanna said. "But you think you're done now? You take a bar o' castile soap and rub her into every strand in that noose, so the rope'll slip through 'thout a hitch. The best castile you got."

A cop came through the crowd, his left arm protecting a girl—Willie's sister, soaking wet, shivering.

"Make it two on that ham and eggs," Willie called. "And make it snappy. We ain't got all day!"

He turned to a reporter. "My only regret is leaving my sister and dad," he said. "But I've prayed to the Lord to strengthen and sustain 'em. And the Lord has answered me. Yes, Lord, I'm ready. I'll go down smilin', Lord—smilin' and swingin'."

Jim Martin showed the rope to Hanna. It was black, glistening, smooth. It was hard as iron. Hanna's gnarled hands caressed it. His face beamed.

"Prettiest rope that ever hung a man," he said. "But you think you're done? You take a can o' talcum powder and rub it in good. Take you about another half hour. Then, my boy, you're done."

THE ham and eggs arrived. Two chairs were placed in front of the cell to make a table. Willie reached out between the bars for coffee. It was black.

"Cow gone dry?" he asked.

"Get out," the guards ordered those standing around. "Can't you let him eat?"

"He's eatin'," the crowd called. "What's he eatin'?"

"Ham an' eggs," said the rolling drums. "Ham an' eggs."

An old man came into the jail with the gray of dawn.

"Hello, Willie!"

"Hello, dad!"

A quarter to six.

The cage was cleared. Jim Martin, the chaplain, the sheriff, and a few guards conducted Willie from his cell. The old man had never seen the boy so well dressed. He embraced him and turned away.

The crowd blocked the way from the jail. They would not stir. The cops arrested a few and thrust them inside the jail—where they found front-row seats.

Willie breathed in great lungfuls of the fresh sweet air as he stood on the iron trap. He smiled.

"You got anything to say, Willie?" Sheriff Heater asked.

Anything to say? It was the opportunity of Willie's twenty-two years on earth. The spotlight was on him. He had much to say. He was goin' to die, like his Saviour, on Good Friday. He wasn't afraid. The crowd was more afraid than he was. Because they were murdering him.

His wrists were handcuffed. His arms and legs were strapped. But his tongue was free.

Suddenly he paused. "Is Mrs. Johnson here? I asked that she come here and see me die."

He looked to right and left.

"See? She wouldn't come, she wouldn't come!"

Eager hands pointed out the woman, standing with her husband and Commonwealth Attorney Alvin Lisanby.

"Yes," her husband said. "She is here."

Willie stared at her. She stared at Willie.

"Well, Mrs. Johnson, are you happy I'm here?"

She did not answer.

"I say, are you satisfied now, woman?"

She did not answer.

"Talk to me, Mrs. Johnson."

She did not answer.

"Ha! Look at her, everybody. Pale as a corpse. More afraid of this than I am. Well, she ought to be! She's sendin' me to my death for somethin' I didn't do. Are you happy about it, Mrs. Johnson?"

He turned to the crowd.

"She ain't got any heart, and she ain't got any guts. She's a cold-blooded murderer. She ought to be up here instead of me. I could of bought my way out of this. If I could have given her three-four hundred dollars I wouldn't be here now."

The woman found her voice.

"Not for a thousand would I let you go," she said.

WILLIE continued his harangue, denouncing, upbraiding, misquoting Scripture. "I'm ready," he said at length—and a great sigh went up from the crowd. And a great hush came as the noose was adjusted and the black cap put in place. The sheriff pulled the lever.

Willie fell through the trap. Mud spattered on his new suit. His body swung. His feet made crazy circles in the water. A man fainted, a kin of the Johnsons. And for a moment nothing could be heard but the voice of the chaplain praying.

Then the drums began to roll again, loudly, fiercely, for long minutes. Then the rhythm changed, broke up into the catcalls of boys, the nervous laughter of girls, the shouts of neighbor to neighbor. The crowd disintegrated. The show was over. It was time for breakfast.

Nobody knew much about Willie. He was born on an Arkansas farm. His mother died when he was five or six. He had little or no schooling. He ran away from home, bummed, worked when he had to, drifted into Kentucky a few years ago with a gun. He "got religion" in Eddyville.

The Johnsons get abusive scurrilous unsigned letters.

"People seem to think Willie was an angel," Mrs. Johnson commented. "And they think I hung him all by myself—me that was only one o' his victims!"

She was sitting on an upended cracker box in her husband's store when I talked to her. She spoke quietly, without emphasis, without color. She spoke of De Boe as Willie, and only as Willie.

"How did it feel to stand there and watch him hanged?" I asked her.

She shook her head as a horse does to rid itself of a fly. Hundreds must have asked her that.

"It didn't bother me none," she said. "O' co'se I was embarrassed, with everybody lookin' at me. And I was mad too, a little. I wanted to answer him, but Mr. Lisanby told me not to. But when he talked about buyin' me off, I couldn't help flyin' out at him."

"You're satisfied, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Willie asked me that. For a long time I was so ashamed I couldn't look people in the face. If Willie hadn't been hung I'd have felt shamed all the rest o' my life. I don't feel shamed now. I ain't afraid any more when my husband's away and I'm alone with the chillun. Because he's dead. Yes, I'm satisfied. I wanted him to hang. I wanted to see him hang. I'm happy he got hung. I'll thank God for it till the day I die.

"Happy? As God is my judge, I am. And there's another woman should be just as happy, and I don't mean Mrs. Driskill specially. I mean the girl Willie would of married if he hadn't been catched and hung. God was good to both of us. She got mercy from Him. I got justice. That's all I wanted. Justice!"

THE END

Smiles, a Tear, and a Buoyant Tale of a Youthful Mender of Hearts—A Story for These Changing Times

by AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATION BY LIGHTNER-PAGNATO

Bad Lands

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ANY one seeing John and Marty Holmes roll into Stark's Corners would never have guessed that, some day, they'd rout the whole of MacFarland County out of house and home; send them trailing, hand in hand, young and old, women and men, on a twenty-mile trek through the rocky snake-infested waste that's known as the "Bad Lands." No one would have guessed that about an insignificant cheap-looking little couple like John and Marty.

Not that they weren't plenty pleased with themselves! Hadn't they managed, by careful steering and holding of breath, to coast their old rattle of a car right to the steps of Stark's store? And they climbed out, John with his chin stuck up, Marty flashing her olive-brown eyes proudly at her husband, neither looking back at the mysterious bump that stirred under a blanket in the rumble seat.

John whispered: "Think we can get away with it?"

Marty whispered back: "Sure we can! You can talk him into it. You can talk anybody into anything."

They marched boldly up to the stoop and hesitated before a tall, dried old man who had come out of the door.

"Excuse me, but could you tell me where Mr. James B. Stark—"

"I'm Stark."

"That's luck!" John grabbed the old man's hand and pumped it. "Swell to meet you! The guy at the Lion

They came. From all over. Ranchers, cowboys, businessmen, to form a line that would stretch nearly fifteen miles.

Filling Station in Schaefer told us you were looking for a couple to work for you. Well, you can stop looking right now. It's a break for you, Mr. Stark, us happening to wander along—" John was off on his sales talk, his words galloping out: ". . . not just the ordinary couple you'd get, Mr. Stark. Both of us been to agricultural college. Though Marty's the smartest. . . . Owned our own farm. Would have made it pay except for the drought last year and this year the dust storms. . . . Worked at all kinds of jobs. . . . Forty a month? . . . Well, we're worth a lot more, but that's oke to start with. . . . You can use our bus for store deliveries. Bet you don't often get a chance like that—a couple with their own car!"

John stopped for breath and waved proudly toward the old wreck. Stark looked, and the stone mask that was his face came suddenly to life.

The faded blanket in the rumble seat was moving in a way a blanket ought never to move by itself; inching over the side. And then it fell down into the dust of Stark's Corners, with a wail that had never been uttered by a blanket.

Marty was there first; picked up the blanket and shook from it a small boy with curly hair and sleep-rosy cheeks. She had him in her arms, rocking him and almost crying herself when John came up.

"Hi, there, turn 'em off," he said to the child. "You're too big a guy to bawl."

"He's not crying," soothed Marty. "He's just lost his smile. I'll have to pin on another one." She pursed up her mouth, holding imaginary pins in her lips; solemnly took them out one by one and pretended to stick them into the little boy's cheeks. The tickling made him laugh, and there was the smile!

Stark watched, looking disgusted, then asked: "Your kid?"

"John Holmes, Junior," John introduced the child. "Jacky for short. Only three years and four months, but he weighs nearly forty pounds—"

"I don't want a couple with a kid," said Stark.

John cut in quickly: "But,

"I told him that he could ride his scooter around a bit. All of a sudden I looked and he was gone."

you see, Jacky's not like most kids. Imagine a three-year-old that can get a bump like that and stop crying so fast! Lookit him grin!"

Jacky was grinning all right, and straight at the old man. That wide-eyed baby grin! Who could resist it?

Jim Stark could. "Kids get on my nerves," he said. "And my sister ain't strong. She couldn't stand the racket. And besides, it would be just one more mouth to feed—"

"We could pay his board out of our wages," Marty suggested.

It seemed like a chance for bargaining—Stark's weakness. "A growing kid like that would eat a lot," he said. "A terrible lot—"

"You could take off five—" began John.

"Nonsense! I wouldn't do it under sixteen—"

"Sixteen bucks!" cried John angrily. "What do you think he is—twins?"

"That's all right," said Marty, kicking her husband's foot. "Perfectly all right. Let's see; sixteen from forty—why, we'll get twenty-four a month clear, and with no living expenses. Isn't that just swell, John? Just swell!" . . .

Everything was swell, Marty kept telling John all that first day. Swell, to have food and a roof over their heads! What if Stark and his fussy old-maid sister did keep them on the run every minute? What if their bodies throbbed with weariness by night, and their room was so small the iron double bed took up most of the space?

"But we'll be closer together," Marty said.

The little boy was asleep already, in a packing box Marty had made soft with blankets.

"Hey," said John, looking down, "you put all the blankets in that box. What are we supposed to do—freeze?"

"I hate to ask Mr. Stark for more covers the very first night," said Marty. "We can sleep in our clothes with sweaters and coats over them."

So they went to bed and curled close to each other for warmth. From a distance came strange blood-chilling cries, rising to shrieks like a chorus of furies.

"What's that?" Marty whispered, shaking against John's shoulder.

"Coyotes. You know this dump is right on the edge of the Bad Lands."

"What're coyotes?"

"A kind of wolf."

"Oh, John, you don't think one would come down and bite Jacky, do you?"

"Sure—if old Stark doesn't feed him to 'em first. Say, is that old beetle *hard!* Bet I could sharpen my razor blades on his chin."

Marty giggled softly. "Sh-sh—he might hear you, John."

The coyotes wailed again, under a rising moon. But John and Marty did not hear. They were asleep.

TO get the job was one thing; keeping it was something else again. Those awful rages of Stark's! You never knew when he was going to crackle out at you, for no reason at all. Marty was always afraid John wouldn't be able to take it from the old man. John had a temper and if he ever lost his, too—whew!—good-by job! Marty felt sorry for him as he'd stand rigid under the old man's abuse, hands clenched, mouth tight, eyes burning up. Marty was sorry for him, but nevertheless she'd give small warning coughs to remind him he must never, never let it go.

And after Stark went storming off, she'd sidle up and kiss her husband on the back of his neck and whisper, "You were swell, honey!"

John would drop his head over hers and strain her close to him as if to stop his body's shaking. "Oh, Marty, I'm scared—some day I've just got to bust loose!"

"Darling, you won't. You're getting better self-control all the time. And I think Mr. Stark's liking us more. It's good for him having us—and Jacky—around. Why, yesterday he only got mad three times, and the day before it was five. I kept count."

"Don't kid yourself! That old buzzard's the hatingest man in the county. He hates everybody and everybody hates him. Folks around here only trade with him because they're scared—he's got mortgages and liens on almost every place in town, and they know he's just waiting for an excuse to strip 'em down to the buttons on their pants. It makes me sick—a guy like that whiplashing us around and us having to take it. It's a lousy rotten world—that's what it is!"

But Marty still kept to her foolish storybook idea that even an old piece of rock like Stark could be softened. She had it all figured out. Jacky was to do it, of course; the little-child-shall-lead-them stuff. She was always putting the boy up to doing things for Stark and Miss Lucy. Sending him on errands to save steps for the old people. Letting him take a drink of cool water to Stark or a flower or a cushion to Miss Lucy as she sat in gloomy brooding on the front stoop.

Then there was the day Stark let Jacky help water the garden. Jacky had a wonderful time until, in his laughing excitement, he turned the hose first on himself and then, as the old man dashed to the rescue, on Stark.

"There, you see what he's done now!" Stark sputtered angrily to Marty, who had been watching from the doorway.

He went into the house to change his clothes; but a customer came in and Marty couldn't put dry things on Jacky right away.

AND that evening the little fellow started coughing. He coughed all night, and at breakfast Miss Lucy complained about being kept awake. And when Marty stole a few moments now and then during the day to rub goose grease into Jacky's chest, Stark gave her a cranky look, as if to say she was wasting time from her work.

When the store closed that evening, Jacky was dry and limp with fever. He lay on the pile of blankets in the packing box, staring at his parents with round hurt eyes as if reproaching them for letting him suffer so. Not even the pin-on-a-smile game could lift the droop of his mouth.

"We're going to take him to a doctor," said John. "What if it does cost money!"

They hurried through the supper dishes and, bundling Jacky in layer after layer of blankets, sneaked out of the house. The first man they met on the street directed them. Two blocks down and a turn to the left and they came on a name plate: "Dr. Alan Stark."

"I wonder if he's some relative of the old buzzard's," said John.

"I hope so," said Marty. "Then Mr. Stark might like us going to him."

Indeed, the doctor did look something like Stark. Younger, but the same tight hunch to his shoulders, the same hard-bitten look to the mouth. But where the old man's eyes were like two pieces of sharp blue ice, the doctor's were soft and gray and gentle.

He laid Jacky on the table and took out steel instruments—horrible sharp gleaming things. He put an electric light down the small throat and peered deep. Marty whispered to Jacky to be brave. And he was. Wonderfully! When the doctor swabbed his throat, he only let out one tiny moan.

"Game kid," John whispered to Marty, his voice choked up. "What's wrong with him, doc?"

"A lateral pharyngitis," said the doctor.

Marty and John didn't dare look at each other. Both were thinking that with such a name it must be some dreadful disease.

The doctor explained: "In plain words, a bad sore throat. Bad but not dangerous if you take care of it."

While the doctor was fixing up the bottle of medicine, John asked, "Any relation to James B. Stark?"

"Hurrrumph," said the doctor.

"We work for him," said Marty, "and we thought you having the same name—"

"I'm his son," interrupted the doctor in a curt tone.

"His son!" cried Marty, surprised. "Isn't that swell! Somehow, I never thought Mr. Stark had any children."

"He hasn't." The doctor's eyes were no longer gentle. "He'd bite his tongue out before he'd even mention my name."

"Gee!" Marty hugged Jacky close to her. "I'm sorry—"

"Don't worry," said the doctor. "Everybody in town knows how he hates me. Always has. Ever since I was born. My mother died then and he took it out on me. And when I ran away from home and managed to make myself into a doctor, he was worse than ever. Does everything he can to hurt me. Won't even give credit in the store to my patients. His idea is to starve me out, I guess, and maybe he will. And by the way, I'd advise you not to let him find out you came to me if you want to keep your job."

When John and Marty were walking home through the night with Jacky, they talked about the doctor.

"The way he looked when he spoke of his father; I can't get it out of my mind," said Marty. "Oh, I'm so awfully sorry for him."

"For the doc?" John asked.

"No, for Mr. Stark."

"Sorry for that old hatchet?" John stopped to stare at his crazy little wife. Why, she actually had tears in her eyes!

"You'll be sorry for him too if you think about it," she persisted. "His own son saying such hard, bitter things about him. Suppose Jacky ever talked that way about us?"

"Of all the nertsy ideas!" snorted John.

But walking on, with the feel of his son's small body warm and limp with sleep on his shoulder, he understood, in a way, what Marty meant. . . .

It didn't take Jacky long to get over his illness; not more than two or three days. And from then on everything went well till the day of the Dollar Sale.

This was John's clever idea; at least having it on the day of the Rabbit Drive was. All MacFarland County came to Stark's Corners on a Rabbit Drive day. Ranchers and farmers. Easterners from the dude ranch across the valley. Business and professional men from the small neighboring towns and sometimes from the larger cities to the south. For the MacFarland County Rabbit Drive was an institution. The great line blazing across the prairie. Then the final roundup and slaughter. All topped off with an immense barbecue. It was fun all right. But not for John. He couldn't go on the Rabbit Drive. He was kept too busy at the store.

For he had seen to it that the crowd milling around, waiting for the start, were faced with flaunting posters advertising the bargains of the Dollar Sale. At opening time the store was absolutely swamped. And all morning, even after the drive had started, stragglers and those who were just tired out came back to look for bargains.

There was no letup until late afternoon. By then John and Marty were so worn they could hardly drag themselves around as they tried to put things in order. Old Stark was tired too. He leaned forward on his elbows as he checked the receipts, the cash in the register.

"John," he called suddenly. "Come here."

"Yes, sir." John straightened his shoulders and hurried over. "Sale sure went over with a bang," he said brightly.

"I don't believe in sales. Folks just buy in a rush what they'd pay regular prices for later," Stark grumbled; then turned to face John, his eyes piercing. "There's ten dollars short," he said.

"But I don't see how that could be," said John.

"You ought to know. You and I are the only people who have been at the register."

"See here, Mr. Stark, are you trying to say—"

Marty hurried up. She knew John's temper. "Don't talk," she warned, and stepped in front of him to speak to Stark: "Perhaps there's been a mistake."

"A ten-dollar mistake," said Stark coldly.

"If you're short ten dollars, Mr. Stark, we'll make it up," Marty went on quickly. "We'll give it to you right now. Oh, no—I forgot—we can't do that. We've only got three seventy-five left. But you can take it out of next month's wages."

"See here, Marty," John cut in. "If you think I'm going to let him take ten bucks out of the little we get—"

"I won't," snapped Stark. "There won't be any next month's wages."

"What do you mean?" asked Marty in a faint voice,

The WORLD of TOMORROW

No. 6—"Don't Waste Time Sleeping!"

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOUR son and daughter, who at seventeen and sixteen are more supermodern than any old-fashioned parent should be forced to manage, burst in on you one evening at ten thirty with some very bad news. They are radiant with joyful excitement. They have just come from a club meeting of Modern Youth, Inc.

John says, "We're giving a play tomorrow evening. I just got the idea tonight—wrote the drama right away—read it to the club. We voted on it—cast it up—we had two rehearsals—"

And then comes the bad news. John says: "The drama concerns conflict between the enlightened ideals of today's youth versus the old-fashioned era. The cast calls for one old-man character to represent the benighted outmoded past which still rears its ugly head—"

"Don't quote it now," Babs says. "That's time-wasting. We took a vote on whose dad could best play the part. You got elected. It's the only big part in the drama. Garrulous silly old man—you don't have to be a good actor, either. You just stand and pompously declaim your lines."

You say carefully, "How many words in this part?"

"Three thousand four hundred and twenty-seven," Babs says.

And then you trap them. You say, "Well, I'm going to bed now. I've got four directors' meetings tomorrow. I'd really love to do it—but it's quite impossible. I can't learn a three-thousand-word part while I sleep, you know."

They miss the sarcasm. They both exclaim at once:

"Ah, but you can. Don't waste sleeping time. That's inefficient." And John adds: "The hypnophonograph—we borrowed one and recorded the part. It's all set up in your bedroom right now. Come look."

Vaguely you have heard that weird name for one of the latest experimental contraptions. The accursed thing stands by your bed. It looks somewhat like an old-fashioned radiophonograph run by electricity. There is no speaker grid; merely ear tubes.

John says, "Your part is recorded there in a soft droning voice. After you've gone to sleep we'll come in quietly and turn it on. It plays over and over, all night."

Babs says, "Simple enough, father—you ought to be able to understand. A constant droning reiteration, impressing your subconscious mind while you sleep—"

You put up an argument but you lose. You do finally go to sleep, with the firm determination that if the thing wakes you up you'll toss it out the window.

In the morning you are startled to hear that droning automaton voice in your ears. You shut it off. And when John and Babs arrive with your breakfast and begin giving the cues of your part, you find yourself responding glibly. And that night, after the performance, Modern Youth, Inc., awards you a medal, and notes that you were the very personification of antiquated archaism.

Queer idea—learning while you sleep? The queer part is that it has been done. The method was suggested by Hugo Gernsback some years ago, and was successfully demonstrated at the Navy Training School of Pensacola, Florida, for teaching the Continental Code.

although she knew very well what the words meant.

"I mean I don't want people like you working for me. Spendthrifts, that's what you are! Took me for an easy mark. Figured that in the rush of the sale I wouldn't notice—" The old man's anger shook his body.

But John was shaking, too. He couldn't hold himself in any longer. "You're trying to say we stole that money! Well, you're a liar—that's what you are—a liar!"

"See here, Mr. Stark—" Marty tried to cut off John's words. "You can't do this to us. If you fire us like this, nobody around here will give us another job. And we haven't money enough to get to any other place. We're not thieves. Look—" She put her hand on Jacky's head as the boy stood close to her, puzzled at the loud voices. "Just look at our kid! You know how crazy we are about him. Do you think we could do anything wrong, being the parents of a boy like that?"

Stark didn't answer. Just gave Marty a long bleak look. It was then Jacky had to pipe up with: "Why don't you pin a smile on him, mom?" That ridiculous game! No wonder Stark glared down at the boy, looking mad enough to eat him up. Marty grabbed the child quickly away.

As they loaded their belongings into the old car, Marty wouldn't have let herself cry for anything in the world. But she felt the tears were dropping down inside, hurting worse than if they had come out. Stark was watching from the doorway, his face stony except for a grim twist of a smile when his eyes fell on Jacky's red-wheeled scooter and Marty's new hat. She'd been so crazy for that little boat-shaped straw bonnet and now she hated it. She knew old Stark was thinking what fools they'd been, wasting their money. Spendthrifts!

The scooter had just come that morning. Jacky had never had a chance to ride it. He wanted to, now. But, of course, they couldn't wait. They felt they wanted to get away from Stark's Corners as quickly as possible. As they chugged down the street, Marty took Jacky in her arms. There'd be plenty of times when he'd have a chance to ride on his scooter.

John and Marty had made up their minds to go West; try for California. Of course, California on three seventy-five didn't make sense. But there was no sense going East, either. And at least before them stretched new country.

The road led through flat prairie for a few miles; then gradually into the Bad Lands. Cliffs of red and yellow, great masses of splintered stone. There was something frightening about those vast wastes. But Marty made up a pretty story for Jacky: that greenish dome in the distance was Santa Claus's home, a mighty Fun House, where elves and brownies rode exciting races down curving grades and endless inclines on red-wheeled scooters.

THE child fell asleep. The road rose and fell, now hugging a mountainside, now skirting a cliff edge; but always twisting, curving. Marty had a rule that never, never would she find fault with her husband's driving. But John was going faster and faster, slewing and skidding. Why, once they seemed to hang on two wheels over a drop of hundreds of feet!

"John, honey, please be careful."

John only stared ahead, pressed harder on the throttle. Before them, suddenly, a sharp turn. Beyond that—space.

They'd never make it! Marty flung the weight of her body against her husband's hand on the wheel and kicked at the foot brake with all her strength.

The car jumped, turned, and slid crabwise to a stop. A guard stone, dislodged, bounded down the chasm below, gathering a small avalanche as it fell.

"John, dear, we might have been killed," breathed Marty.

"Well, what if we had?"

"John!"

John sagged in his seat and laid his head on the wheel. "You know we haven't enough gas money to get us any place and we haven't any place to go if we had. We've been square and decent and we've worked hard and look what it's got us! This is a lousy rotten world, and I don't care if my kid doesn't grow up in it."

"John!" cried Marty. "You mustn't talk like that. It's yellow."

"Yeah," said John. "I'm yellow. Well, let's get going."

He put his foot on the starter. The engine turned lazily, chugged once; then stopped. John kept pressing till the starter wouldn't turn any more.

"Now see what you've done," he said to Marty. "Stopping so quick, something shook loose. Imagine us breaking down in this hellhole. Isn't it swell! Hey, Marty, where you going?"

Marty, half out of the car, turned. "Back to Stark's," she said. "It can't be more than seven or eight miles. I'm going back and tell him he's got to give us our job. I'll say we'll work for nothing, if he wants it."

"Marty, you stay here. I won't have you going back to old Stark, begging."

"I'm going, John. I've got to go. Now you stay here with Jacky and the car. You can fix it. You can always fix anything, John."

AGNES CHRISTINE JOHNSTON

has been a scenario writer for the movies since she was fifteen (a long, long time, she says), which, together with being the wife of Frank Mitchell Dazey and mother of his three children, has not left much time for fiction. Incidentally, her first story was sold to Liberty some years ago.

MARTY hadn't walked more than two miles before she heard John calling to her. He was riding an oil truck, seated next to the driver. And on his face was the look of one who has seen death.

"Marty! Marty! Jacky's lost."

"What! Where?" Swiftly Marty was at the side of the truck.

"I told him that he could ride his scooter around a bit while I was working on the engine. And all of a sudden I looked up and he was gone. I ran up and down the road and shouted and shouted. But he's gone, Marty—gone!"

It seemed a hundred years while the truck turned and sped back to the place where the old car stood. Marty was sure they would find the little boy right away.

"Run—run!" she cried to John. "Down this side of the gully. I'll take the other. And keep calling—keep calling. He's so obedient. He always answers as soon as he hears us."

She ran and ran, shouting, "Jacky! Jacky! Jacky!" even though her breath came hard and her pulse beat in her throat. She didn't feel the rough stones cut her feet or the thorny bushes tearing at her ankles. "Jacky! Jacky! Jacky!"

Wasn't something moving behind that boulder? No—only a curious rabbit. But under that mesquite bush—surely, bright curls! No. The held back tears were doing strange things to Marty's eyes . . .

After a long time, John's shout: "Marty! Marty! Come! Come quick!"

She ran, sobbing without breath. There was John, standing in a little ravine, head bowed, shoulders drooped; in his hands the red scooter bike, with one wheel gone. Marty dropped to her knees on the ground and let the tears come out, unchecked. John did his best to comfort her. He had never seen Marty broken before. . . .

Jeffrey Wayne was standing before old Stark. Jeffrey Wayne, who had a wooden leg from the war and a pension; not a very large pension, but it came, all at once, every month. He had an odd smile on his face and he was holding out a ten-dollar bill.

"What's that for?" asked Stark.

"It's yours, Jim Stark," said Jeffrey. "You gave me ten dollars too much change when I bought those oil drums this morning. I'd have given it to you before, but I knew how it would gripe you if I waited till after you'd had time to count up. Imagine you overchanging anybody! You must be getting old, Jim. Losing your grip."

Stark took the money and stood looking at it long after Jeffrey had hobbled away. A small round face, a wide-eyed grin, and bright curls floated before his eyes. Perhaps he ought to get the car and go after the Holmeses. They couldn't have gone far by this time. Not with that old rattletrap. But then he'd have to explain things. Say

he was sorry for accusing them. No. Let 'em go! What if they didn't have much money? The hardships would be good for them. Probably just what they needed.

Jim Stark locked the front doors of the store and bolted down the windows and went back to have his supper.

KJN is a small radio station. Only one hundred watts. But to the people of Stark's Corners, to MacFarland and neighboring counties, it is an almanac, a newspaper, a theater, and a friend.

It was during the last ten minutes of the Three Little Dairymaids that the announcement came. Right in the middle of a song:

"Folks, we are interrupting our program for an announcement by the sheriff of MacFarland County. There's something mighty serious happened. Here you are, sheriff—"

"Listen in, everybody," came the sheriff's voice. "And call your neighbors to listen in. A little boy is lost out in the Bad Lands. Been missing since yesterday. His parents and a dozen of us have been looking for him all night. But we're stumped. You know that country. So many ravines and gullies and canyons. It's not a man's country, it's a devil's. It's not called the Bad Lands for nothing . . ."

Miss Lucy, rocking in her gloomy kitchen, had frowned when the song was interrupted. But the sheriff's words made her lean forward and call old Jim . . .

"Friends and neighbors, I'm asking you to do something to show you *are* friends and neighbors. Most of you know the young Holmes couple who've been working at Stark's store. Nice kids. I guess there wasn't anybody ever went into that store who didn't like them. Well, they're in trouble now. That kid of theirs is lost in the Bad Lands. . . ."

IT was amazing how quickly the news got about. Although it was eight o'clock in the morning, when men should have been starting to work and women busy with their cleaning up, they all stopped to listen. Called over the fence to those who had no radios to join them in a hurry. It brought tears to more than one pair of eyes to hear the sheriff pleading:

"Some of you have children of your own. Suppose one of *your* little ones was lost out there, straying further and further away? At any moment in danger of falling from a cliff or being drowned in a stream or at the mercy of a rattlesnake or a wild animal? . . . You know that more than one grown man has been lost out there. We want you to come and help. It's our only chance. We've got to form a dragnet like we do on a rabbit drive. Hell, if you can do it to kill rabbits, you can do it to save a child's life! Come, every one of you. I want every man, woman, and grown boy. I don't know how long our search will take, but when we turn back, Jacky Holmes will be with us. We can only hope we won't be too late. . . ."

They came. From all over the country. Men and women and children. Ranchers, cowboys, businessmen. Boy scouts and girl scouts. Some in cars, some on horseback, some afoot, meeting at the Kolhar farm to form a line that would stretch for nearly fifteen miles. The wealthy Tremonds came, and the ragged Haddons. The Klesnicks and the Norgaards, who, in back-fence feud, had not spoken to each other for months, shouted to each other as they lined up for the march. The smooth gay guests from the dude ranch came, treating the whole thing rather as a lark. It would be another matter after they had gone a few miles under the sun. Jeffrey Wayne clumped up, riding a mule on account of his wooden leg. "Boozer" Padden arrived, gloomy with the certainty that the half flask of whisky he carried would never last out the search. Miss Lucy, too, who had had to wait and sneak out after her brother had gone.

Yes, old Jim was one of the first to answer the sheriff's call. He came without saying a word to anybody and just took his place in the line.

Forward! The line began to move, a great human rope, dragging the twisted sandstone slag, the mesquite bush, the ghostly desert holly. Forward, over stony moraines, cruelly rough with their slivers of flint. Forward! Till dusk fell and, in the distance, alarmed coyotes screamed.

Then great buckets of soup, brought by truck, and steaming slabs of meat distributed all down the line by volunteers. Torches—every electric flash from every store in the county. And crude flares, improvised from coal oil or resin. Forward! The line moved on again, a long glitter of pin points of light, as though the stars had come down from heaven to help. And always in the lead, Marty! Forward!

IT was still dark but there was a faint promise of dawn when a cry went down the line for a doctor.

Marty didn't move. Every one else fell out of line and shouted and ran. She just stood there.

It was old Stark who brought Jacky to her. He didn't say anything. Simply put the little fellow into her arms. Beside him and steadying him was young Dr. Alan Stark.

"The boy's scratched and bruised and tired and hungry," the doctor said to Marty. "But he's not hurt."

Old Stark turned and spoke to his son: "Did you ever see such a game kid? After all he's been through—pinning on that grin of his!"

John was hugging Jacky and Marty both at once. "Gee!" he cried. "And I said it was a lousy rotten world!"

As the three stood there, hugging and kissing, they didn't seem like the insignificant little people they were, but, somehow, symbolic of all the little people in the world, who are the bedrock of this earth.

THE END

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Cast Off by the Man She Married, Each Day in the Arms of the Man She Loved but Irretrievably Lost—Now Comes a Strange, Stirring Interlude in This Story of a Woman's Soul

by

DORA MACY

Author of Night Nurse

Public Sweetheart NUMBER ONE

READING TIME • 33 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

TRAGEDY annealed the character of Violet Chester—transformed her from a giddy chorus girl in the Capers of 1910 to stardom as a great dancer; tragedy and a short-lived love that put the spark of ambition into her soul.

The first tragedy was the death of her father, a gifted but drunken artist. She caused it by pushing him so that his head struck a table top. He had driven out her mother. Then Tommie Greeley, a rich admirer, died of a heart attack in her hotel room and Archie O'Riley, her one great love, left her on their wedding night, believing her unfaithful. The same night, her younger sister Mildred was permanently crippled, the victim of a hit-and-run driver.

Her marriage to Archie was annulled and in desperation Violet finally wed Lester Roth, a typical playboy. But on shipboard, as they sailed on their honeymoon, she found Archie again. In her cabin, she yielded to him. In Paris she told Lester the baby she was to have was not his. He persecuted her, deserted her, but finally returned with her to the United States. Violet then began training and studying for her spectacular career. Her time was divided between rearing the son that Lester forced her to name for him—and later subtly, estranged from her—and perfecting the dance steps that were to make her famous. In the midst

Murillo and Chester christened it with an apache number. And Fernand sat at the same table each night and watched.

of this, back came Archie—with Fernand, the French dancer he had married abroad. Seeking consolation, Violet eagerly embraced the friendship of Eddie Reynolds, a personable friend, introduced to her by Lester. But she did not learn the real sum of his affection until after a night-club interlude.

She woke up stiffly in the morning, her head heavy. She was in a strange room. A twin bed beside her had been slept in.

PART FIVE—TOGETHER IN HELL

I GOT up with terrific effort and opened a door. A large bathroom with a faucet dripping into a marble sink. The towels said Hotel Wallick. I shuffled my way stupidly through the room and opened another door, and there in a reddish " parlor " sat Lester and Reynolds.

They both looked up and shrugged. Turned to each other and nodded.

Lester got up.

"Listen," I said. "What's happened?"

Lester straightened up pompously.

"It is understood, of course," he said, "that the servants will never let you into the house again. I shall send your things wherever you wish. To Mr. Reynolds—or to your mother?"

"Lester—this is—he gave me, when I had that drink—he must have—" I turned on Eddie Reynolds. "You doped me!"

"My dear Violet," he protested, with beautiful amazement. "Lester won't fall for that. Besides, it's too late. I've admitted everything to him. How much we love each other. And how often lately we've stayed together."

I started for him and then sank back into a chair.

Lester went to the door.

"You can't do it," I called at him between chattering teeth. "You've framed me, you two. You know it. You can't get away with it—I won't let you—"

The door opened. Lester left. I'll never forget the pat he gave his derby as he went out.

Reynolds whistled. Lit a cigarette and came over to me.

"Buck up," he said. "It's tough, but that marriage was hell anyway. I hated to play you for a sucker, Violet, but I needed the money. Desperately."

I sat trembling. Wondering why I didn't bash his head in with something.

"Oh, for God's sake!" Reynolds threw up his hands helplessly. "You can't fight him. You have no witnesses. Everybody has marked how attentive I've been to you since we first met. Even you yourself laid it on thick in front of your dancer friends—"

I stared up at him. His pale lean face was mean, with a handsome high-boned meanness. I never had trusted him. . . . He was just better than nothing. . . .

I was pretty sick when I reached home. But eventually I told mama everything. I'd never tell her whose baby my Boof was, but I told her it wasn't Lester's and that Lester knew it.

"Well," she said finally. "You were an awful fool and you just have to take the consequences. As for Lester, he got more out of this marriage than he ever dared to dream. He has a son. It's the making of Lester, having a child to live for. I'm going to see to it that he gets his divorce quietly and doesn't plaster you in the papers with a dirty scandal. Believe me, I'll see to it. And more!"

She did see to more, too. She got twenty-five thousand dollars from Lester—though I didn't know it at the time. My mother went money-mad, and that's a disease that kills as surely as any other. . . .

FOR some time I didn't see a soul but mama and Mildred. With Murray's closed, Archie and his wife had gone into vaudeville. Big time. The Capers were on the road. The papers were full of Cynthia's engagement to Walter Rice-Hampton.

By the time of their September wedding I was back in the swing. Mama hadn't let me mope longer than a month. All that summer I had shuttled into New York and studied six hours a day. Our house was a sort of club where people dropped in, helped themselves to the ice chest, and talked or played music or games or read aloud. No liquor was served. On the basis that Mildred needed some social life at seventeen (she was at the poetry-writing stage then) our home was always made a community center wherever we were.

Teddy came home from school and I barely knew him. I sensed that the kid was unhappy and hated his school, but he bothered nobody very much. His days were spent in the barn in a makeshift studio, or going out all day with an easel. His evenings were spent at bowling alleys.

Toward the end of the summer some of my friends showed up, straggling from vacations. Cookie came out and spent a week and I met her in town constantly. Rita was with us for three weeks.

Mama had settled everything with Ratzoff early in the summer. So, late in August I was back in the good old smelly theater for rehearsals.

I was in several sketches, and twice in the evening I smirked and jiggled ornamentally while the leading man sang to me. But at least I was a principal.

Because commuting during rehearsals is one step from impossible, and because mama wouldn't leave or move Mildred, Rita offered to let me room with her. A sort of return compliment. She had a mothy little flat on Amsterdam Avenue near Eighty-sixth Street, shabby and dark and dirt-cheap. Rita lived on nothing and put the rest in the bank—with an unholy fear of poverty and sickness. "I'll begin to live like other people when I've got a hundred thousand in the bank. I've got nearly twelve thousand now, and the first ten, they say, is the hardest. Even when I'm one step from the gutter I don't touch it."

Everybody was swell to me. They started to call Lester names for me, and never mentioned him when they found I preferred it. Only Lora embarrassed me. She just couldn't understand how I could leave my baby.

I COULDN'T understand it either. But I didn't want to think about it. I wasn't even going to appear in court to contest the divorce suit. And I hadn't heard directly from Lester once. Mama was handling everything.

Ratzoff made an announcement the second week of rehearsal. He was adding The Murillos to the cast.

Lora was very happy. She wanted to marry her Captain Powers and leave the stage after this one show. Archie could now take over the support of the O'Rileys.

But when Archie and his wife joined us, coming up from Atlantic City to Philadelphia, I thought they both seemed high-strung and nerved.

But they opened in fine style. We played two weeks in Philadelphia and two in Boston. And the night we closed in Boston Fernand threw hysterics.

It was all very simple. Fernand was going to have a baby. It wasn't expected until June and she had thought she could do her season. But she was too sick.

The train was pulling out of New Haven. Archie came carefully down the aisle with Ratzoff behind him. He leaned over me, one hand on each arm of my chair.

"Would you dance with me?" he asked.

My heart beat so . . . the blood was full in my ears and back of my eyes—I couldn't answer him. I looked past him to Ratzoff, who made a swift gesture of silent appeal.

"Yes. I'll dance with you."

Archie straightened up and blew out a deep breath of relief.

"I told Ratzy you knew the routines."

"Every step. I've watched them."

We went into the compartment where Fernand sat. She listened in silence, swallowing sobs, her pouty lips tightening. I knew she hated me as an old-time flame of her husband. And that she felt helpless; a baby was going to cost.

"I'll be damned," I said suddenly, "if I'll be The Murillos. Hell, I'm as good as Archie any day. It's Murillo and Chester or nothing. And I want equal billing."

Ratzoff took out his cigar and stared up at me. Archie sneered contemptuously.

"The same old grabber," he remarked.

"All right," I snapped. "But I'm not working this season for your reputation. I know about how dependable you are. You've never taken a lesson in your life. You never finished a season until you met Fernand.

Before she took you in hand you were glad to get fifty a month in a hotel, and now you think you're a star!"

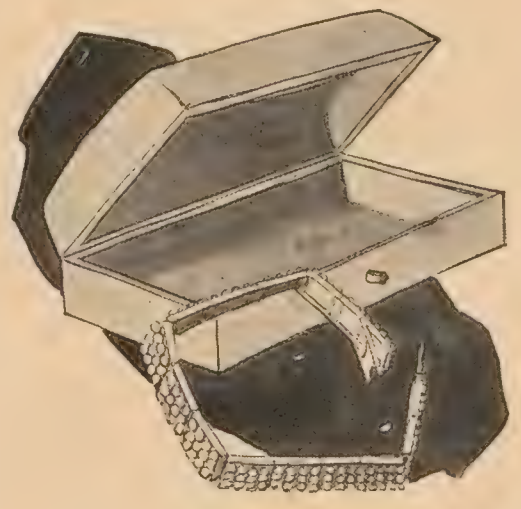
That all quieted us down. But it worked swell. Fernand's eyes were less humble. And besides, our billing was Murillo and Chester.

Fernand lived in Archie's dressing room. She saw every performance. Which eventually irritated Archie almost as much as I irritated him.

Being together was hell. Hell for me anyway. Rehearsing, with Fernand suggesting, counting time, endlessly knitting. Performing nightly our dream waltz, smooth as whipped cream. Archie in a white full-dress suit, holding me close, and Fernand in the wings, lips parted, watching and watching . . .

We were on each other's nerves, Archie and I. Because I loved him. Because he wanted me, and was horrified at the desire that fogged his eyes when he wanted to erase me from the world that held his devoted and adorable wife.

So he fought his battle, and knowing it, I kept out of his way. Sundays at home in White Plains with mama and Mildred. Until in December Mildred got scarlet fever, and of course I didn't dare go home. I don't know just how it happened that I got the weeps at Christmas, but I landed up at midnight Mass with the O'Rileys, Lora and her Captain Willie Powers, Archie and his wife, and an assortment of O'Riley brothers and sisters. . . . But I couldn't stand it. I remembered the clumsy ring of the Holy Name . . .



I got up and left. What would they do if they knew he had one child . . .?

I walked over to my old home. A good four miles. And rang Lester's bell. But the housekeeper who came to the door told me that Lester had taken the baby and nurse and gone upstate to his aunt's.

So I walked back to the Amsterdam Avenue hole that I shared with Rita and wondered why I lived there.

I climbed the endless gaslit stairs and found a note from Rita. She was in a Reisenweber's party. In a fine fit of sulks I packed every rag I had and wrote *her* a note:

I'm fed up with this dump. I'm going over to the Ardsley and take a suite for two. You can live with me there for the same freight as this costs you. The balance will be my treat. That's how lonely I am, so don't fail me.

VI.

By three I was in bed, in a room with a fine bay window. By five Rita knocked on my door, her two bags in her hand.

I listened to her take a bath and sat up to light a cigarette. Just thinking . . .

I was so unhappy. I hadn't any Archie. I hadn't any Boof. And I hadn't any guts to laugh at it all. I was crying when Rita came back to the room.

SHE sat on the side of the bed. "I'm in love myself," she said.

"Rita—since when?"

"A whole month," she said solemnly. "I've known him since I rented that dump you just kicked downstairs. His father was renting agent. He's just a kid, Vi, two years younger than me. But he's so poor. I couldn't stand it, Vi."

"Did he ask you to stand it?"

"No, but he will. He's been in love with me since July. And Vi, nobody much ever falls in love with me. I'm the funny one. The comedian. All the other girls get big graft as gifts. When the guys send me a gift, it's a practical joke. But this Pepa, he loves me."

"This what?"

"Pepa. I'm sorry, but that's his name. He means so much to me. But even with love, Vi, I couldn't go poverty. I had plenty of poverty when I was a kid. Worse than you'd believe if I told you, which I won't. But enough to last my whole life."

It wasn't long after New Year's when one after another of the O'Riley kids got measles. And because the company demanded it, Lora and Archie and Fernand moved out of the O'Riley apartment. Installing nurses.

Lora took a room at the Ardsley. Terrific flattery—that she wanted to be near me. Archie and Fernand, after trying to live with friends, gave up and also stayed at the Ardsley.

Now, the only time I got free of O'Rileys was blessed Sunday, when I took a train to White Plains.

One night, sitting in Malden's near the hotel and guzzling hot chocolate, Archie, with the absurd pipe he had taken to as economy, said:

"Vi, if we can get a spot for eight or ten weeks at a supper show, would you do it with me? We need money like the devil."

I stared at him dully. Then for no reason looked over at Rita and laughed.

"Sure—sure!" I told the whole group of faces. "Why not? The more the merrier, I always say."

Rita nudged Lora, and smiled.

"She's been drinking," she muttered.

"Oh, if she's drinking, the hell with it. If we finish the show we're doing good." Archie stood up in disgust. "Come on, Fernand."

I held on tight to my chocolate cup while Fernand said good night and dutifully followed Archie out of the sweet-smelling store.

"VIOLET dear, he's right," Lora began, leaning forward with her best mother-superior manner. "Can't you see you must keep in condition if you want to—"

"Oh, drop it!" I flared. "I'm sick of Irish advice. I said I'd do it, didn't I? If he gets the date I'll be on hand, and sober as a mule's tail."

So I flounced out of the store. And because in a temper I must have action I went out that night to White Plains. Arriving at three in the morning, and sitting with mama in the kitchen while I told her all about it. And put my head on her shoulder and cried.

"I love him so, mama—I love him so—"

"Don't be a fool all your life, Vi," she pleaded. "He belongs to another woman. Who is facing her special hell for him. You have no right to him. Put him out of your life. Find some other man who will interest you."

"There won't be any other man. Not ever."

"Then give up your job."

I sat up and sighed.

"I was kicked out of the Capers once," I said dolefully. "I'll meet the O'Rileys in hell before I let them queer my road again."

"That's talking."

We went upstairs together and I forgot the O'Rileys. The next day I saw how mama worked. Mildred had been weak since her scarlet fever. Her doctor came in the afternoon. A new doctor, connected with the local county hospital, I think. Dr. Bertram McAllister.

He insisted that Mildred needed exercise. The child hated her crutches; they gave her a backache. But Dr. McAllister tried to encourage her to use them.

That evening mama launched forth, tossing the mention of a little girl near by—only eight years old—who couldn't seem to learn to use crutches. Before long she had roused the girl scout that is in every woman.

"If they can bring her over to see me," Mildred offered against her will, "I'll show her how. It's a trick to get used to, the poor kid."

Somehow it all gave me courage to hunt up the endless O'Rileys in the Ardsley and haul out my olive branches. Archie decided to forgive me.

A week later we were rehearsing a floor-show routine, and two weeks later we were doing a feature at midnight at the Knickerbocker.

February. Eight performances a week in the Capers dancing with Archie. Six midnight shows and two special performances on Sunday at the Knickerbocker.

The little O'Rileys were still wobbly from measles, bad temper, and being alone. So Lora gave up her captain. Gave up her wedding in June. Let him go off to his appointment in the Philippines alone. And settled back in the old flat to take care of her family.

March. My divorce came through and mama left Mildred long enough to go to court. In three months the split would be consummated and I could see little Boof every third Thursday of the month. "Nice lousy trick," I raged, "when he knows the Capers has a Thursday matinee."

April. The late nightwork ended. And, twenty-two pounds lighter, I left the Knickerbocker with a mighty oath to myself that nothing could get me to go through one of its doors again. I heard Fernand call after me, but I pretended not to hear.

Rita was out, and one of her crazy little scrawls told me not to wait up. One of our steady jokes. A knock on my door later and Fernand's most cooing tone pleading entrance. She came in all bubbling with private pleasure and put her arm around me.

"You've been so good to us. It 'as meant so much to us, Vi. It give us the summer not to worry about. Until I can work again."

She was so good-natured about it.

"I 'ave brought a bijou," she said softly, and held out a little white box. And opening it she held up a bracelet of seed pearls. "My mother she give them to me when I was finish school. I want you should have them."

"No. I don't want it. No."

"But I want—"

"I don't want it, I say! I don't want any present from you—or anybody."

She stood, shocked, blinking at me.

"Get out, can't you?" I cried.

"Ah, God!" she said. "You love him. You do love him."

"I give you one minute to get out of this room," I said so quietly that I barely heard myself.

She reached for the little white box, turned, and fled.

There were twenty-four performances after that before the show closed.

I beat it for White Plains the day after. Rita was going on the road and after that had a chance at a vaudeville sketch. I was going to rest.

Three weeks later Lora phoned me. Archie and Fernand had twins.

I threw myself on the bed and giggled. After I had laughed it off in full measure, mama from the doorway shook her head.

"Now that you have had their family for them," she said tartly, "I think you might go back to work." . . .

So I went back to studying, throughout the long summer which, wherever I went and whomever I was with, seemed tasteless and lonely.

Because Menzelli, my dancing teacher, was so enthusiastic, Ratzoff was building me a special set for a feature. As a slave girl carried over the heads of two mountainous black men, and whipped by a piratical slave driver, I could count on a nice spot.

ALMOST daily I was in New York and often I'd go up and see Lora. She was in love—and the letters her captain wrote were like a whiff of steaming coffee to a hungry man.

There was a gaunt, blowzy look to Lora. "Gee," I thought, "is she going to seed fast!" And you couldn't blame her. Eleven kids, all ages, was a full-time job. And Lora had Archie's twins right on the doorstep—making thirteen. Archibald and Fernando. Known as Baldy and Ferdie.

Archie and his wife were up in the Adirondacks. Trying to snatch a brief rest, fresh air, some sleep, and a build-up in three weeks before they began rehearsing.

"They go back into vaudeville the last week of August." Lora, in the kitchen, ironing small clothes, seemed to have a granny air as she talked.

"And what about you?"

"I'm not going back into the Capers."

"Ratzy know?"

"Yes. But he doesn't believe it. I'm not going back though. You see, I'm trying to train Anna into running this shebang. She's fifteen now. She's promised me she'll stick by two years anyway. I'll be back from the Philippines by then. I have passage for September 11."

I had few friends and I clung to Lora. Even when Archie and his wife came back and went into rehearsal. An old Irish Biddy was nurse to Baldy and Ferdie.

It made me lonely for my own, though, to see them silly over the twins. But do you think Lester would let me see Boof? Certainly, if I came up to Maine. I went up once, around the end of July. And saw my boy. So much taller. A handful to manage.

Lester was not around and I was not asked to stay overnight.

"I'll stay in the village," I suggested, half to the nurse and half to myself.

"No use staying at all," Boof piped up, his eyes squinting up at me in the late afternoon sun. "You can't see me tomorrow. You're not allowed."

I stared at the child. Manly all right. Handsome.

I bent down and kissed him. And left.

The trip was worth it but I didn't want to go again. It hurt. He had his life and his world, my baby. He had no need of me. He was not going to like me.

I WENT to White Plains because I wasn't feeling well. And in ten days I was in the hospital having my appendix out. And mama came over daily.

Dr. Bertram McAllister came. Formal and overconsiderate. And fairly boring, with the little bunch of clove pinks, or the bachelor's-buttons and sweet William from his own garden. Yet I came to watch for his visits, which he sandwiched in his own busy day with unfailing regularity. He became a person. More than that, he became a man. With eyes that held secrets; large saintly brown eyes that knew silence. His lips were very red over the small clean beard. His hands were very strong. His laughter was tentative—as if he hoped you were amused too.

He was fixing himself to become a bone specialist, and no gold digger ever talked of a new guy to pick with more warmth than Dr. Bert talked of a rat with a crack in its skull.

As soon as I was able, I beat it for New York, promising to rest and go slowly on dire threat of collapse. I settled in the Ardsley again.

I called Lora and she promised to come over.

"Dinner," I begged. "I'm so lonely. We'll have it up in my room."

"All right. At six."

I got everything ready for her, delighted to have someone to plan for.

So. Six o'clock went by, and six thirty. I phoned her flat. A very kiddish voice. No, Lora wasn't there. No, Anna wasn't there. The kiddish voice seemed about to bawl and hung up.

At seven thirty I ate my own dinner. At nine I called her home again. No, Lora hadn't come back. Yes, she had phoned and said she was all right and not to worry.

At ten I climbed into bed.

I had dropped off to sleep when a knocking at my door roused me. Lora.

"Hello," she said crisply. "Sorry to be late. Hope I didn't disturb you."

"No-o-o," I said because it seemed required.

She went over to the one big chair and sat down heavily. Her eyes were quite wild.

"Have you any brandy?"

"Sure," I said, and phoned down for some. She drank two glassfuls slowly.

"Anna's run away and got married," she said at last. "Just knew the boy two weeks. Traveling salesman for some soap firm. And she thinks she's going to travel with him."

She poured herself a snitch more brandy.

"So you're going to give up sailing on the eleventh, is that it?"

"I don't know. I don't know what I should do. How can I leave the kids? Dickie's only six . . . mama always said she knew I'd stand by them—"

She looked at me for the first time.

" I think I'm going to get drunk," she said thoughtfully. " Can I stay the night with you? "

Two weeks later rehearsals began and Lora was back in the show. As long as she had to stay in New York life wouldn't have been bearable without her job. Without singing. Without applause . . .

Rita was tops that year. Every big sketch was built around her and her brattish comedy. Cookie was still in the chorus. Still posing—a little nuder this year. Not one word would she tell us about her summer, until months later she took us all to an Amusea and showed us herself in pictures. All summer she had been in Brooklyn. At the Vitagraph studio under the name of Lucy Lee. " If she was a failwyur she didn't want us to know and laugh at huh . . . "

She was no failwyur, and she left Ratzy a few months later and signed a contract with Vitagraph. She became one of the mad crazes of the country.

I was taking the season very slowly. It wasn't easy to be thrown around by slave drivers when a wound was healing. I didn't dare drink, or go dancing, or drive in a car. Dr. Bert came in several times to see me. And with solemn gaiety took me to dinner and met my friends. Amused, a little shocked, and full of good advice.

Lora was the one who took the bumps that season. In November Archie wrote her that Fernand was going to have a baby again. They thought she could go on until January or so. And then they'd have to quit and come back to wait—until July.

That baby of theirs was to change many lives. My own included—as I might have known. For Archie and Fernand straggled back to a blizzardy New York in February. Archie got in on small time alone, for a few weeks' filler. But they didn't want him alone.

He asked me to go into vaudeville with him over the summer. But Fernand put her little foot down. Hard. We could dance together, if money was so needed, but we danced where she could see us, right from the wings.

One of the hotels opened a roof restaurant. And Murillo and Chester christened it with an apache number which was the rage. And Fernand, a matting of discontent knitting itself between her eyes, sat at the same table each night and watched to her heart's desire.

Her little girl was born on Independence Day. The child, Lorna, took sixty-two hours to make her way into the world and along about the forty-eighth Archie got drunk. I knew it the moment he put his arm around me to dance on the hotel roof that night.

We had to cut our closing number. And I flounced into my cubicle of a dressing room trying to tell myself that I had done it once. I had danced one night long ago with waves in the floor.

The manager knocked at my door.

" Take him home, Vi, will you? "

" Call his sister," I snapped.

" Can't you forget yourself for one hour? The man's going through hell. Take him home. You can manage him."

" Oh, all right."

SO I got dressed and knocked on Archie's door. He was alone, slopped back on a straight-back chair looking into a make-up glass framed in naked bulbs.

" I'm afraid to go home alone tonight. There's a man who's bothering me, Archie. I don't want a scene. See me home, won't you? "

He got to his feet, his chair toppling back noisily. Even tight, he was graceful as a panther when he reached for his soft hat and jammed it on his head.

He took me by the arm and we began our exit. We made it to the street and he called a cab. I contradicted his Ardsley orders and gave his own apartment address to the driver.

" I want to see Lora," I explained.

He hunched in one corner and regarded me.

" Smart as hell, aren't you? " he drawled. " Well, you're not going to get me home. I don't want to go home."

" Running out, huh? "

" No, I'm not running out. But a guy can get soused, can't he? He's entitled to it."

Suddenly he reached out and took hold of my hand.

" Violet, what am I going to do? "

" Don't get maudlin."

" Vi, I'd like to hurt you once. I'd like to see something hurt you. You're so smug. You wouldn't get married, would you, and let a guy mess up your life? You wouldn't be caught having babies—never see you lying screaming—"

" Stop it! "

" You're beautiful. And you'll stay beautiful, won't you? She's only two years older than you are, Fernand is, but she won't stay young. You'd never let—"

I leaned forward, pushing him aside, and rapped on the front glass.

" I want to get out here," I told the driver.

The taxi edged toward the curb.

" High and mighty," Archie told himself as he settled back, arms folded, hat over his eyes. " Don't dare open your mouth before her. She can afford to be high and mighty. Hasn't got a care in the world."

THE cab had stopped and I climbed over him. Told the driver to take him home. In a corner drugstore I phoned Lora and asked her to meet Archie at the entrance of the apartment house. Then I walked to the hotel, and every step of the way my feet kept beating his words into my soul . . . you wouldn't lie screaming . . . not a care in the world . . .

In the lobby of the Ardsley a man rose to confront me. I figured out it was Dr. Bert. My hands went out gratefully. His eyes were alight with excitement, and as we walked toward a far and quiet corner in the side corridor, I knew somehow it was his night.

He had something to celebrate, and had come in hopes I would celebrate with him . . . He had been appointed to some connection or other at a Manhattan hospital.

Sure, I'd celebrate with him. To gentle Dr. Bert that meant going into the grillroom. Sitting in a far corner. Ordering a bottle of Burgundy and, wonder of wonders, a Welsh rabbit. . . . He would be in New York for good now. Transferring next week. His mother would stay in White Plains, of course. . . . And I could never know how Dr. Bert's heart sang with happiness. A dream realized. Opportunity for the work he longed to do. And not the least was being in New York. He hated the city, but it was wonderful to be near me. He loved me. I must know that, mustn't I? He loved me very dearly, and would devote his life to me if I would let him. A man of thirty-seven did not fall in love blindly, stupidly, without sound thought and consideration . . . But he had talked to my mother, had dear earnest Dr. Bert, and he thought he understood about me and about my life, the mistakes and the heartbreak I had been through. He would like to take me away from all that—the theater and its vile background. He had talked to his own mother too, at great length, and she had given him her blessing and wished him fulfillment.

I smiled. His mother would accept me as she accepted his snakes and rats and guinea pigs.

No, Bert. It wouldn't go. You're the best friend I have in the world; maybe the only friend I have. I wish you'd stay a friend . . . I don't believe in love. I don't even want to believe in it. We'll talk about it again if we must, but I'll still feel the same.

So we said good night at the elevator. . . .

Lora phoned me. Where in God's name was Archie? He wasn't home! Fernand was calling for him.

The baby was born by breakfast—the little girl who was called Lorna.

But her father didn't show up to welcome her into the world. He was in jail most of that agonizing dawn, and because his sister was up doing his job for him, he couldn't reach her and he eventually had the police phone me.

What new complications will this disastrous climax bring? And what will Fernand believe when—and if—she learns Violet accompanied Archie earlier in the evening? Next week's installment finds this famed beauty enjoying a new happiness, a new love, only to have another tragedy steal it from her.

No More Old Age?—REJUVENATION, 1935

How the Quest for the Fabled Fountain of Youth Is Quietly Nearing Its Goal—What Will These New Miracles of Science Do to Life as We Know It?

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

MEDICINE has its fashions. There was a time when no well dressed man would wear his tonsils or his appendix. Then the tide turned and the human biped, wishing to be up-to-date, permitted the doctor in pursuit of focal infections to extract all his teeth. Today it is the fashion to be rejuvenated.

I am told by a physician who has given the matter full study that there are probably a quarter of a million men and women past fifty in the United States today who are staving off old age and seeking health, life, love, and length of days through some form of rejuvenation.

A roll call of "rejuvenates," including field marshals of industry and leaders of the Four Hundred, would startle the nation.

The idea of rejuvenation is probably as old as the world. King David's medical advisers persuaded the aged king to supplant his hot-water bottles with young virgins. Science à la mode substitutes a mechanical device for the animal warmth which sustained the flicker of life in the enfeebled psalmist.

Gilles de Retz, Marshal of France, protector of Jeanne d'Arc, dandy and aesthete, attempted to regain his youth by bathing in blood. We shall presently see that Bluebeard was not so far from the truth. Fortunately, modern science provides us with methods accomplishing without slaughter the results he sought.

Dr. Faustus made a deal with the devil for rejuvenation. The devil made him drink medicine. This method is still in vogue.

Ponce de Leon sought youth in a Florida spa. The fashion still exists. There are radium baths which men frequent to re-energize exhausted nervous systems.

Shortly before the World War, Professor Eugen Steinach of Vienna shocked and delighted the world with his disclosures. By innumerable experiments with senescent rats and guinea pigs, he had discovered that the reproductive glands, or gonads, have two separate functions. They produce both an external secretion, which perpetuates the life of the race, and an internal secretion, which maintains the vital tension—the "pep" of the individual. This internal secretion, or "hormone," is poured directly into the blood stream. The sex hormones produce not only the secondary sex characteristics that distinguish men from women, but they profoundly affect all the vital functions. A diminution in their supply is one of the factors inducing senile decay.

Steinach, by a slight operation, produces a partial atrophy of those cells which produce the external secretion. Nature, compensating for this loss, responds by an increase in the cells which produce the internal secretion. Since the glands of the human body form an interlocking directorate, this increase of the male hormone reactivates the entire system.

Vasoligature is the technical name of the Steinach operation. Steinach first ties and cuts the duct of one of the male glands. Some years later, when the effect begins to wear off, the duct of the other gland is tied and severed. The operation is no more serious or painful than the extraction of a tooth by a dentist with novocain. Nevertheless it requires surgical skill.

The Steinach operation does not interfere with the sex life. The man who submits to the Steinach operation bilaterally renounces paternity but retains every other attribute of masculinity.

Dr. Serge Voronoff of Paris exploits a different method. He bodily transplants the sex glands from one individual to another. Since human beings are not as a rule willing to act as "donors," Voronoff and

Dr. Serge Voronoff of Paris, chief exponent of the transplantation "rejuvenating" method.

Prof. Eugen Steinach, the Viennese surgeon-biologist, has recently improved his method.

Wide World photos

Here is a woman of sixty. Her hair has darkened. Her eyes have brightened. The wrinkled skin has become smooth.

his school resort to the monkey and to the goat. Their method has several drawbacks. The alien tissue may not be successfully engrafted. It may be absorbed without taking root in the organism. The difficulty is enhanced if we borrow the gland from another species, even from one as close to us as the monkey.

While the Steinach operation is still regarded as one of the most efficient rejuvenators, transplantation is being discarded by most physicians. Recently Steinach has improved his method. There are practices, too technical to explain, that enable the surgeon to reactivate the reactivation.

Since Steinach first announced his findings we have learned much about the intricate nature of the glands. It seems that the pituitary gland dominates the sex life of man more completely than his gonads. In some cases it is more important to stimulate the thyroids, the adrenals, or the pituitary than the sex glands.

A part of every rejuvenation treatment is to supply deficient hormones artificially until the person's own glands are restored to normal activity. Numerous methods have been evolved to isolate the various hormones and to introduce them into the blood. Steinach and others have succeeded in isolating the female sex hormone and in specifying its chemical constituents.

The male hormone proved more elusive. Science discovered that small quantities of all glandular products circulate in the blood. To that extent Gilles de Retz was on the right track. But it has been found that minute quantities of the same hormones exist in waste products of the life process.

A technique for their extraction was perfected a few years ago in Paris by Dr. Casimir Funk in co-operation with Dr. Benjamin Harrow. This research was made with funds granted for the purpose by a group of well known American philanthropists, including August Heckscher and Jules Bache.

The process, however, is laborious and expensive. It is now announced that Dr. Vlad Ruzicka of Zurich has made the male hormone artificially. In a year or two it should be possible to produce it at a moderate expense in chemical laboratories.

These experiments illustrate the new trend in rejuvenation. Heat, as was known even to the ancient Chinese, stimulates the glandular system. Diathermy is a method which enables a physician to introduce high-heat units without discomfort to the patient.

THE rejuvenation methods of 1935 are more effective than those of five years back, and very different from those of ten years ago. By 1945 rejuvenation will really be getting somewhere. Even now the effects of reactivation are not, as is sometimes claimed, the result of suggestion. Operations have been performed on subjects who did not know what it was all about, and on animals. Results followed. But undoubtedly the mental factor is often a great help.

Woman came into her own as to rejuvenation only recently when it became possible to produce her sex hormone in factories and to apply diathermy. But 1935 has contributed another method, applicable to both sexes. The most astounding innovation of today is rejuvenation by radio ultra-short waves.

The ultra-short wave replaces diathermy and is said to surpass it by far. Its uses extend beyond reactivation and rejuvenation. Its specific usefulness in rejuvenation

lies in the fact that it has certain unique and almost miraculous effects —since it not only restores and improves function but combats and cures coexisting infections.

The ultra-short waves pass through the tissues of the body much as the X rays do, though they are of a different nature. They are said to have a directly stimulating action on body tissues that come into their field. In addition, they relax the blood vessels and cause a lasting increase of circulation and consequently of nutrition. When this happens in the sex glands, or any other glands of internal secretion, there is a stepping up of the hormone-producing function.

BUT this is not all. The ultra-short waves have the remarkable property of inhibiting or even killing all sorts of pathogenic bacteria. If the germs are not killed outright, they are so weakened that the system is able to cope with them. The ultra-short waves affect even the germs of influenza and the common cold. German authorities report that such waves have even been used successfully on abscessed teeth. They are also reported to be very efficacious in treatment of venereal infection.

Fifteen years ago "rejuvenation" was regarded by many as a medical pipe dream. Conservative physicians eyed it askance; preachers thundered against it from the pulpit; yellow newspapers mentioned it with a wink and a leer. It was the "monkey-gland" route—an aphrodisiac for men and a cosmetic for women not content to be their age. It would make the world a happy hunting ground for worn-out roués. Quacks of the "lost-manhood" school exploited it. Many an old satyr licked his chops, eyed his bank account, and resolved to look into the matter.

Today not much is being said about rejuvenation, but plenty is being done. The old name "rejuvenation," with its savor of quackery and its seeming promise of eternal youth, is giving way to "reactivation," which is accurate and means what it says.

Nevertheless most of those who turn to "rejuvenation" treatments do it secretly. But their number is growing. Before many years the army of "rejuvenates" will be a vast multitude.

Already that army forms what is perhaps the strangest secret society the world has ever known. Its members do not know each other. They have no countersign. They seek relief, undergo the treatment—which is effective in about 80 per cent of cases —and go their ways. They pledge the doctor to secrecy. Often they keep the facts from their own families for fear eyebrows will be lifted and there will be leers, smirks, and smiles.

Now and then, if you keep your eyes open, you can spot one of them. One of the most remarkable examples that have come my way was a man I met a year ago. If his hair had not been gray and his skin a bit lined, he could have passed for fifty-five. I took him for sixty. His real age was eighty-seven.

Here, let us say, is a woman of sixty. She is typical of such cases, as mentioned in the medical literature on this subject. Her hair, in the last few years, has darkened from white or near white back almost to its original color. Such restoration of natural pigment to the hair happens occasionally, though not invariably.

The woman's eyes, formerly dull and dim, have brightened and grown keener of sight. The wrinkled, flabby skin has become more velvety and smooth. Shrunken tissues have plumped out. The waistline has gone back where it belongs. Fat, that developed in middle age as a result of some glandular imbalance following the menopause, has faded from the picture.

The breasts have become firmer and better molded. The tendency to high blood pressure and perhaps to arthritis has disappeared. This is not to say that she has miraculously become a woman of thirty again, but she has certainly swung back to a well conditioned fifty; and if she had begun such treatment just before woman's critical age, the chances are that she would have retained even more of the mature charm of her forties.

Here is a man of sixty. His body, formerly flabby, now approaches again the leanness and firmness of earlier years. His muscles have acquired some of their old tone. His golf has improved. He feels that his grip has its old power and that his plodding step has regained much of its former spring. His eyesight and hearing are better; a slight tendency to angina pectoris has vanished; an insurance company would regard him as a good risk.

In short, he looks like fifty and functions like forty. He eats with appetite, works tremendously and with keen enthusiasm, and can go upstairs two steps at a time. His attitude toward women is that of his prime, too. And this does not mean that it is in any way an improper attitude—healthily normal, rather.

I HAVE known personally some of the people who have been "Steinached," but I am not permitted to identify them. However, there are a few men and women who have had the courage to admit their membership in the Steinach club.

In 1922 Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, then sixty-four, discovered that her powers were failing and that she could no longer write. She sought treatment, was fully restored, and has been producing at top speed ever since. She wrote Black Oxen around that experience, which she fully relates in her autobiography, The Adventures of a Novelist. The immediate effects, Mrs. Atherton says, are by no means similar in all cases:

As for me, for a month my brain was torpid. I slept sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. I saw no one, for I was too stupid to sustain a conversation, and could barely read a mystery story. When capable of thought I wondered if I were ruined for life. . . .

And then, one day—it was about a week after the finish of the treatments —I had the abrupt sensation of a black cloud lifting from my brain, hovering for a moment, rolling way. Torpor vanished. My brain seemed sparkling with light.

She has had three reactivation treatments in the last thirteen years, is now seventy-seven, and is still functioning as though in her prime. I saw a signed article by her the other day, and a very brisk piece of writing it was—not the kind one expects at seventy-seven!

The famous case of Dr. Lorenz, the Austrian surgeon, is well known. He came to this country in 1922, vigorous and strong after a lapse into senility. He announced that the improvement in his condition was due to the Steinach operation. It was

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that incident that caused Mrs. Atherton to try reactivation.

Dr. L. L. Stanley, of San Quentin State Prison in California, has experimented extensively with gland implantation on aging prisoners in San Quentin. A few years ago Western newspapers were full of the story of a hopelessly senile prisoner of seventy-five who was so "rejuvenated" by Dr. Stanley that he won a foot race against a man of forty.

Dr. Stanley injects into the tissues of the abdominal wall a paste made from the glands of a ram. The treatment has a remarkably tonic effect, but has to be renewed every three months. He uses it in cases of acne, insomnia, asthma, diabetes, and nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Peter Schmidt, in The Conquest of Old Age—one of the best books for laymen on this subject—relates that when he was in Japan some years ago the famous Japanese actor Ganjiro became senile at seventy. His voice failed, grew shrill and piping. A Steinach operation restored him so effectively that he was able to return to the boards. On the stage his movements were once more vigorous and his deep-pitched, powerful voice carried to the farthest corners of the theater. Four years later he was still going strong.

The fact that reactivation may lengthen life in many cases is certain to create some acute social and industrial problems. Old people will keep their jobs. Thus science will have given the New Deal another nut to crack.

Only a few years ago there was litigation in the courts of Budapest by a man who had bought an annuity from a life-insurance company and then had the Steinach operation. The company refused to pay the annuity, holding that the operation might prolong the annuitant's life beyond a reasonable average assumed in the contract. The court upheld the company—perhaps one of the most curious legal verdicts ever rendered.

This suggests that a general turning to the Steinach method in this country might have a great effect on life-insurance rates. Thousands of annuitants would live far beyond the life expectancy which was assumed in the rates for which they bought their annuities. From the point of view of the life-insurance company, it is desirable that its annuitants die early. On the other hand, it is to the company's interest that regular policyholders should live as long as possible. Some years ago a sick-benefit society in Austria announced that it would pay for the Steinach operation performed on any of its members.

Carrying the idea a step further, let us suppose an aroused public opinion, infuriated by the senile shortcomings of statesmen, diplomats, and politicians, old men whose stupidities are doing so much to keep the world in hot water, required such men one and all to be rejuvenated. Would something happen in a world run by old heads on young shoulders? Undoubtedly! That suggestion was made at the Fifth International Congress of the World League for Sexual Reform in Czechoslovakia. When reactivation is really established, that will be something to think about.

There is no such thing as literal rejuvenation. Seventy cannot become thirty—at least, not now. But seventy can become vigorous at its own age level. In successful cases rejuvenation, 1935 style, may be capable of adding from ten to fifteen years to human life. It is certain that "reactivated" laboratory rats live 25 per cent longer than others!

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

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1—Is the motto cast on the Liberty Bell taken from the Bible, the United States Constitution, or the Declaration of Independence?

2—How many persons are there over one hundred years old in the United States?

3—Was Henry Wheeler Shaw an author, statesman, explorer, or scientist?

4—Of what country is a Lett a native?

5—Is an intaglio a dance, a musical selection, or an Italian dish?

6—When was the forerunner of the United States navy organized?

7—What common English word means course, match, pursuit, career, family, clan, house, lineage, pedigree?

8—In radio, what is the difference between an aerial and an antenna?

9—What states have only one representative in the Lower House of the United States Congress?

10—Is a siriasis a flower, a piece of medieval armor, or a South American insect?

11—What is the meaning of *nolo contendere?*

12—In golf, what is a stymie?

13—If your doctor said that you had a bad case of variola, would you have varicose veins, a bone necrosis, or what?

14—Is Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D. C.?

15—From where comes the expression "heap coals of fire upon his head"?

16—What has hypotension to do with electric lighting, radio transmission, or motion pictures?

17—What is the legal distinction between slander and libel?

18—Cerography is what?

19—What is the average life of a sixty-watt tungsten-filament electric-light bulb?

20—Was Alice Lee famous as a composer, an author, an artist, or as the wife of a great American?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

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HOTEL PARK CHAMBERS

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN STILL EXCELLENT
IN LIBERTY'S BIG

GAME OF MOVIE STARS

$2,000

IN 223 CASH PRIZES!

DRAWING NO. 7

NAME OF PLAYER.....

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two drawings, each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the first and last names of a prominent motion-picture player.

2. To compete, clip or trace each drawing and underneath write the name of the motion-picture player it reveals to you.

3. When you have a complete set of twenty drawings named, write a statement of not more than seventy-five words explaining which among the players you have named is your favorite and why.

4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement of preference rated on the basis of clarity and interest will be judged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In case of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, October 2, 1935, the closing date of this contest. No entries will be returned. Simplicity is best.

6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF MOVIE STARS, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

DRAWING NO. 8

NAME OF PLAYER.....

START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

HERE is another opportunity to get into the Game of Movie Stars prize money. Act now, if you have not already entered, for soon it will be too late. Begin by reading the rules carefully so that you understand the conditions of the game. Then find and write down the name in each of this week's drawings. This will get you well started toward the golden goal. When you are satisfied with your solutions, file them conveniently pending completion of your entry.

LATE ENTRY

Now, if you need drawings 1 to 6 to bring your entry up to date and have mislaid the copies of Liberty in which they appeared, write for free reprints to the contest address in Rule 6. When they arrive you can discover the hidden names and your entry will be even with the field.

WATCH FOR DRAWINGS 9 AND 10 NEXT WEEK!

TO THE *Ladies*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HANS CHRISTIAN ADAMSON deals with girls and boys who yearn to be explorers. He handles public relations for the American Museum of Natural History. Whenever an expedition starts out or comes back, he is sure to be swamped with letters from people who want to go next time. Young, old, male, female—there's no limit to our hankering for a far-flung life of science!

HANS CHRISTIAN ADAMSON

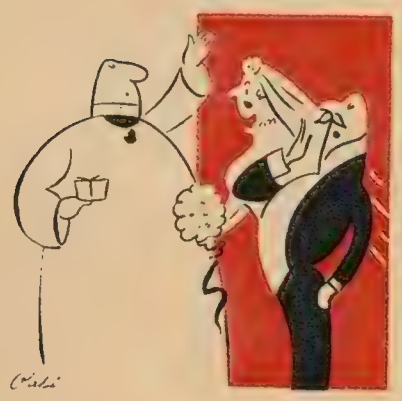
"I advise them," says Mr. Adamson, "to identify themselves with some museum in their own locality, work for a while as voluntary assistants. Another way applies to young ladies only: *marry an explorer.*"

Most scientists' wives refuse nowadays to be left at home when their husbands jaunt off on expeditions. But they can't just go along for the ride. They are obliged to do real work in the field. Three who make good are Mrs. F. Trubee Davison, Mrs. Barnum Brown, Mrs. James L. Clark.

I asked Mr. Adamson what exhibits at his museum attract the largest number of people, both women and men. The answer is a queer combination:

"Dinosaur bones," he told me, "and Lindbergh's airplane."

Here's something else you may not know about museums: They swap stuff exactly as kids swap stamps or jackknives. That's why a museum loves to have its explorers dig up prehistoric skeletons in batches. The extra bones can be traded to other museums for different kinds of old bones.



Author, editor, science publicist, Hans Christian Adamson was born in Denmark.

In marriage, is there any such thing as a satisfactory substitute for love?

I mean inflammatory love with hearts ablaze!

From the recent experience of a woman friend of mine, it appears unquestionable to me that there must be.

For years she had been the confidential secretary of a famous man—a distinguished statesman. His wife, an invalid, had long been her closest friend. His wife died. My friend married her widower boss as soon as decorum allowed.

I am positive they don't love each other—not the inflammatory way. Yet I know they are both content and happy with the match they have made. They are happy, I think, because each has been conditioned to the other's life. Mutual interest is their substitute for *love.*

Perhaps we may paraphrase Euclid's first axiom of geometry in human terms. He said, "Things which are equal to the same things are equal to each other." Shall we say, "People who are interested in the same things are interested in each other"?

A girl writes to me saying:

"We live in a small town where almost every one has some kind of a nickname. The boys are called Slim or Chick or Dutch—the usual thing. Nicknames for girls are names like Pinkey, Bunny, Taffy. Because my name is Josephine they call me Jojo. I can't bear Jojo! It isn't dignified. It sounds like a monkey's name.

"What can I do to make them stop it and call me Josephine?"

If I were you, miss, I think I'd try to quit worrying about my dignity.

A nickname is nearly always a sign that you are popular. You go on being Jojo—and learn to like it.

Real lessons in make-up are given now at some of the more enterprising beauty parlors. They sit you down in front of a mirror at a long glass table on which repose bottles and jars of every preparation your face could possibly require. Behind you stands an expert instructor, teaching you the right way to put on lipstick, rouges, powders, creams, eye colorings, etc. And you also are taught how to avoid the *wrong* way.

Surely this is a forward step in beauty education. I hope to see it adopted extensively.

The secrets of proper make-up are very important.

Will it surprise you to learn that less than 10 per cent of the women of old Turkey ever wore the veil, ever lived in harems? Only in the cities—which were few and far between—did the old Turk practice polygamy and subject his ladies to harem restrictions. At least 90 per cent of the Turks were farmers, had only one wife, treated her no differently than most farmers treat wives.

This is said to account largely for the rapidity with which Turkish womanhood is becoming modernized.

I am enthusiastic about Donald Henderson Clarke's new novel. Kelly is the name of the book and of the heroine. A first-class story of present-day New York. (Published by the Vanguard Press.)

This unusual salad comes from the shores of the Bosporus. An Armenian lady taught me how to make it.

Scald 4 green peppers and 4 tomatoes. Peel them, remove seeds, chop coarsely. Add half their quantity of cold cooked rice. For the dressing put 1 teaspoon curry powder in a bowl with 1 teaspoon salt and a pinch of sugar. Slowly add 2½ tablespoons oil, 1 tablespoon mild vinegar, ½ tablespoon finely chopped onion. Mix salad and dressing well and serve *without* lettuce leaves.

Brandon found out that Babson had hollowed out a receptacle in Ashton's crutch.

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART NINE—THE MAN WITH A MILLION DOLLARS

MASON crossed to Douglas Keene, squeezed his arm reassuringly. "Sit down, lad," he said, "and keep your head. It won't be long now until the whole thing is cleared up."

"The first witness on behalf of the prosecution," Truslow said, "is Tom Glassman."

Glassman came forward, was sworn, testified that he was an attaché of the district attorney's office; that on the evening of the twenty-third instant he had gone to the apartment of one Edith DeVoe; that in the apartment a woman lay sprawled on the floor, there were wounds on her head, and near by lay a club; that the club was smeared with blood.

"I show you a photograph," Truslow said, "merely for the purpose of identification, and ask you if that is a photograph showing the features of the woman you saw lying on the floor at that time."

"It is."

He asked several more perfunctory questions and said to Perry Mason, "You may cross-examine."

Under Mason's questioning the witness testified that the fingerprint found on the club had been tested and had proved to be not the fingerprint of Douglas Keene nor of Sam Laxter, Frank Oafley, nor any servant of the Laxter household. Thus far it had not been identified.

"You had been to the Laxter residence earlier in

The CASE of the

MURDER, MYSTERY, THREADS OF SUSPICIO

IS PERRY MASON LOST IN THE MAZE O

CARETAKER'S Cat

ANGLED IN A WEB OF DEATH:
IS MOST BIZARRE ADVENTURE?

the evening, had you not?" Perry Mason proceeded.

"I had."

"And you there found the body of Charles Ashton, the caretaker?"

"I did."

"Ashton was dead, was he not? And death was due to strangulation inflicted by a cord which had been thrown around his neck and drawn taut?"

"That is correct."

"And there were cat tracks up and down the bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you make any attempt to ascertain whether they were made before or after the death?"

"Afterward."

"I thought," Truslow said, with a slightly nervous laugh, "that we were going to have quite a fight to get this evidence in, but I see you are bringing it out."

"I want to get all the facts in," Perry Mason said. And, turning to the witness, went on, "When you arrived at the Laxter house, Samuel Laxter was not there?"

"He was not."

"He showed up later on?"

"That is right."

"His automobile was damaged and his right arm was injured?" continued Mason.

into the crutch, and line that receptacle with chamois skin. Then, by other witnesses, Truslow brought out the value of the Koltsdorf diamonds, the fact that Peter Laxter never let them out of his possession.

"Call Samuel Laxter," Truslow announced at length.

Samuel Laxter took the witness stand.

Truslow's first questions established the identity of the witness, his residence at the time of the fire and now, the fact of his acquaintance with Edith DeVoe.

Truslow then asked Samuel Laxter, "Where were you on the evening of the twenty-third, between the hours of nine o'clock in the evening and approximately eleven thirty at night?"

"I refuse to answer."

Truslow smiled. "You can't refuse to answer," he said, "without being guilty of contempt of court."

Nathaniel Smith came bustling forward.

"If the Court please," he said, "it now appears that an attempt is being made to malign the character of this witness by extraneous questions. He is not accused of the murder and if he is not accused of the murder, it makes no difference where he was unless he was present at the place where the murder was being committed."

"I," Perry Mason observed very blandly, "am making no objection to the question."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

SUSPICIOUS questions arise in the mind of Perry Mason, the famous lawyer-sleuth, when old Caretaker Ashton comes to him and asks him to protect his cat, Clinker, from poisoning at the hands of Sam Laxter: Why had Sam's grandfather, shortly before being burned to death, disinherited his favorite grandchild, Winifred, and left everything to Sam and his other grandson, Frank Oafley? And why had he converted a million dollars' worth of securities into cash? And where is it?

An inkling of fell doings reaches Mason when Winifred's sweetheart, Douglas Keene, tells him to watch out for Edith DeVoe, the former nurse of Grandfather Laxter, and he hints at mystery in connection with "the Koltsdorf diamonds."

Grilled by Mason and Paul Drake, his special detective, Miss DeVoe confesses that she saw Sam Laxter pumping carbon monoxide gas from his car motor into the hot-air furnace pipe leading to his grandfather's room! Then the two trailers learn that Caretaker Ashton himself is drawing on a cash-filled safe-deposit box rented in the names of Charles Ashton and Watson Clammert, a dead half-brother.

As a first step toward getting facts, Mason has the body of old Laxter exhumed; but even while that was being done, both Caretaker Ashton and Edith DeVoe meet violent deaths. The old fellow is strangled in his bed, the young woman killed by a blow from a length of wood that looks like the end of a crutch.

Only a few hours prior to her death Edith had been married to Frank Oafley. But bloodstained clothes found in his forsaken apartment point to Douglas Keene as the guilty man. And Keene had visited Ashton that night.

Sergeant Holcomb, the zealous police official, pursues the fleeing suspect, but Perry Mason maneuvers the hunt so that he induces Douglas to surrender himself voluntarily to the authorities.

That accomplished, he suggests to Della Street, his efficient secretary, that they go on a honeymoon! But she soon discovers it's to be a staged affair for dark purposes best known to her boss.

Della goes through with it—the registering of themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Watson Clammert, the urgent telegram (which Mason sent to himself) separating the bridal pair immediately upon arrival at the hotel.

Then, as plotted, Della reports the theft of the new special car that her bridegroom bought, and rejoins him at the office. Together, they go to Douglas Keene's preliminary trial, to which the boy comes with his chin up.

"That is correct."

"But Frank Oafley was there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was he when you drove up?"

"I don't know where he was when we drove up, because we stopped in the garage to make a search of the automobiles, but when we reached the main terrace on which the house is situated, we noticed a man digging in the ground near a corner of the house. We turned our flashlights on him, and it was Mr. Oafley."

"That's all the cross-examination I have," Mason said.

Truslow, looking rather puzzled, remarked, "I think we'll get the corpus delicti definitely established, Your Honor."

Mason did not ask so much as a question while Truslow called the autopsy surgeon, then put on witnesses who identified the dead woman; who identified the club as having been sawed from a crutch; witnesses who testified to the type of crutch used by Charles Ashton and who stated that, to the best of their belief, the bloodstained club which was offered in evidence by Truslow was a part of Ashton's crutch, or, at least, a crutch similar in appearance.

Truslow brought Babson the cabinetmaker to the stand, who positively identified the section of the crutch, due to certain scratches which appeared on it, and testified how Ashley had employed him to hollow a receptacle

"I am going to order the witness to answer the question," Judge Pennymaker stated.

"I refuse to answer."

Nathaniel Smith leaned across the counsel table. "Go on," he said, "say the rest of it."

"Upon the ground that the answer might tend to incriminate me," Laxter said.

Smith smiled, and turned toward the Court.

"I want the Court to understand," he said, "that the answer would not tend to incriminate him, so far as any crime under discussion is concerned, but I believe there is a city ordinance which might have been violated by this witness, and, inasmuch as we are technically able to back up our position on such grounds, I have instructed my client to protect the good name of the young woman involved in the case."

"Bosh and nonsense and grandstand!" Mason said.

Judge Pennymaker pounded with his gavel.

"That will do, counselor. You have no right to make any such statement."

Perry Mason nodded. "That is right, Your Honor."

Truslow's voice boomed out, "I now offer this witness immunity from prosecution for any crime other than that of murder and again repeat my question."

"Again I refuse," Laxter said doggedly, "on the ground that the answer would incriminate me."

"You were not at the Laxter residence at the time

Charles Ashton was murdered?" Truslow shot at Laxter.

"I was not."

"Where were you?"

"I was in Nathaniel Smith's office from before ten o'clock until after eleven."

"Was any one there with you?"

"Nathaniel Smith and James Brandon."

"Who is James Brandon?"

"He's employed as chauffeur and butler."

"Was he present in the discussion which took place between you and Nathaniel Smith?"

"No, sir; he sat in the outer office."

"When did he leave?"

"About ten minutes before eleven o'clock I told him that he might go home."

"Then what did you do?"

"I stayed on in Nathaniel Smith's office for a few minutes."

"Then where did you go?"

"I refuse to answer, upon the same ground—the answer would tend to incriminate me."

Truslow said disgustedly, "I think that's all. I'm going to ask the grand jury to investigate this matter."

Laxter started to leave the witness stand.

"Just one moment," Perry Mason said. "I believe I have the right to cross-examine."

He faced Sam Laxter.

"You drove to Nathaniel Smith's office with Jim Brandon?"

"That's right, yes."

"And you drove in the green sedan?"

"That's right."

"You know where Douglas Keene's apartment is?"

"Yes."

"Did you on the night of the twenty-third?"

"I can't remember . . . I think perhaps I did."

"Hadn't you called on him there some time prior to the twenty-third?"

"I think perhaps I had been there, yes."

"After you left Smith's office, didn't you go to Edith DeVoe's apartment?"

"I refuse to answer."

"And at that time wasn't the Chevrolet automobile that was customarily driven by Charles Ashton, the caretaker, parked in front of Edith DeVoe's apartment house?"

Again Laxter said in a low monotone, "I refuse to answer."

"Now, then," Mason said, "didn't you enter Edith DeVoe's apartment? Didn't you find her lying on the floor, unconscious? Didn't you realize that she had previously made accusations which virtually amounted to charging you with the murder of your grandfather? Didn't you thereupon rush from the apartment where she was lying, enter the Chevrolet automobile, drive it to Keene's apartment, enter Keene's apartment, cut your arm with a knife, razor blade, or other sharp instrument, leave bloodstains on Keene's garments, telephone Nathaniel Smith, explain to him what had happened; that you were afraid that you might face a murder charge, and, in order to make the injury to your arm appear to have been accidentally sustained, didn't you deliberately drive the Chevrolet automobile into a lamppost on the road home?"

Smith jumped to his feet.

"A lie, Your Honor!" he shouted.

Mason continued to stare steadily at the white face of the witness.

"If the answer to *that* question will incriminate you, you may say so."

Perspiration beaded Laxter's forehead. He cleared his throat twice and then mumbled, "I refuse to answer."

Mason motioned with his hand urbanely. "That," he said, "is all."

Frank Oafley was called to the witness stand, testified briefly as to his name, place of residence, and relationship to the deceased Peter Laxter.

"On the night of the twenty-third instant," Truslow said, "you were engaged in digging in the yard of the Laxter residence?"

"I was."

"For what purpose?"

"I was searching for a large amount of money which had been missing ever since my grandfather died, and I was searching for certain other property."

"Why were you searching?"

"Because I had received a telegram."

Truslow took a telegram, introduced it in evidence, and read it into the record:

"THE KOLTSDORF DIAMONDS ARE HIDDEN IN ASHTON'S CRUTCH. MORE THAN HALF OF YOUR GRANDFATHER'S MONEY IS BURIED JUST UNDER THE LIBRARY WINDOW WHERE THE CLIMBING ROSEBUSH STARTS UP THE TRELLISWORK. THE SPOT IS MARKED BY A LITTLE STICK STUCK IN THE GROUND. IT ISN'T BURIED DEEP NOT OVER A FEW INCHES."

"We expect to prove," Truslow said, "for what it may be worth, that this telegram was telephoned in to the telegraph company from the telephone of Winifred Laxter, the fiancée of the defendant in this case."

Mason remained silent.

"You were acquainted with Edith DeVoe?" asked Truslow.

"I was."

"Was she any relation to you at the time of her death?"

The witness gulped. "She was my wife," he said.

"Did Edith DeVoe tell you anything concerning the death of your grandfather or certain suspicious circumstances she had observed on the evening of the fire?"

Nathaniel Smith jumped to his feet. "Your Honor!" he shouted. "This is objected to. This is absolutely hearsay evidence. This has no bearing—"

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Start studying your art, girls, if you're following Paris leads, for the dressmakers have taken a page from the Italian Exposition and Botticelli is the watchword. Better, perhaps, for parties than sports or the subway; but it's the last word. How does it look? First, a yoke right to the neck, unless it finishes with a ruche finished with a velvet bow; sleeves puffed to the elbow and big enough to make your face look thinnish. The dress? It's cut on the bias and modestly down to your ankles, where it widens a bit, all scattered with flowers, branches, petals. Add to this the Botticellian coiffure, which is why you see all the pretty girls with their waves combed back and longer than usual—like Venus rising from the waves.

DORAMILLER.

Judge Pennymaker banged his gavel. "Sit down, counselor. You have no standing in this case, save as you appear as the counsel of Samuel Laxter."

"But on behalf of Samuel Laxter I object to it."

"Samuel Laxter is not a party to the case. Counselor Mason is the only one who has the right to object."

Slowly Nathaniel Smith sat down.

Judge Pennymaker turned to the witness. "Answer the question," he said.

Frank Oafley said slowly, "My wife told me that on the night of the fire she was walking past the garage. She saw Samuel Laxter sitting in an automobile, with a hose running from the exhaust to the hot-air pipe which furnished heat to my grandfather's room."

"Was the motor running?" Truslow asked.

"She said the motor was running."

"That's all," Truslow said. "You may cross-examine, counselor."

Perry Mason remarked, almost conversationally, "I believe you'd been with her until just before she discovered Samuel Laxter in the automobile on the night of the fire?"

"That's right. She and I had been walking and—. . . making plans for the future." The witness broke off abruptly, seemed fighting to control himself. He said, in a voice which was harsh with emotion, "I was afraid my grandfather wouldn't approve of the match."

"Now, was she absolutely certain that the person seated in the automobile was Samuel Laxter?" Mason inquired.

"Yes, I think she was," Oafley said, "although she did say that she didn't see his face clearly. Sam Laxter wears a rather distinctive type of hat, and she saw that very plainly."

"Did he speak to her?"

"Yes, and she thought the voice was that of Sam Laxter, although it was rather muffled because the man had been slumped over the steering wheel, apparently in an intoxicated condition."

"Do you know of any motive that Sam Laxter might have had for murdering his grandfather?"

"Why, yes, of course. There was the will."

"Do you know of any motive he might have had for murdering Charles Ashton?"

"No, I don't," Oafley said.

"Do you know where Sam Laxter was when Ashton was murdered?"

"No, I don't."

"Where were you at the time?"

"I was with Edith DeVoe."

"Getting married?" Mason inquired.

The witness showed that the subject was painful.

"I think the time of the murder has been established as just after the ceremony," he said.

"I'm sorry to have opened up the wound," Perry Mason told him kindly. "I think that's all."

"That's all," Truslow said, and then turned to give Perry Mason a fraternal wink. "Call Thelma Pixley," he said.

THELMA PIXLEY came forward and was sworn.

"Do you know the defendant in this case?"

"Very well."

"Did you see him on the twenty-third—the night Charles Ashton was murdered?" asked Truslow.

"I did."

"What did he do?—I will state to the Court and counsel that this is merely for the purpose of fixing a motive for the subsequent murder of Edith DeVoe."

"No objection whatever," Perry Mason said.

"Answer the question," Judge Pennymaker instructed the witness.

"I saw the defendant's automobile come up the driveway. He circled the house, then went back below the garage and parked the car. I saw him go in. I went to my door and listened. He walked down the stairs, and I heard him open the door of Charles Ashton's room."

"What time was it when he arrived?"

"Just before ten."

"When did he leave?"

"The clock had struck eleven just before—I don't think more than a minute or two before I saw him leaving."

"Was he carrying anything with him?"

"A cat."

"Could you see the cat clearly?"

"It was Clinker."

"That's the caretaker's cat?"

"Yes."

"Would you know that cat if you saw it again?"

"Certainly."

At Truslow's signal a bailiff stepped through the door to an anteroom and shortly emerged carrying a big Persian cat.

"Is this the cat?"

"That's Clinker, yes."

"Your Honor," Truslow said, smiling at Perry Mason, "let it appear that the witness identifies the Persian cat about the neck of which is affixed a tag bearing the word 'Clinker' and the initials 'H. B.' in the handwriting of Hamilton Burger, the district attorney."

JAMES BRANDON, called by Truslow, testified that he was on the night of the twenty-third in the employ of Samuel Laxter and Frank Oafley as chauffeur and butler. Brandon further testified that on that night he had seen Douglas Keene coming from the Laxter house with Clinker in his arms, going toward his parked car just below the Laxter garage. Yes, he said, that was Clinker over there in the courtroom.

"Where had you been prior to the time you saw the defendant?" Truslow asked.

"I'd been in Mr. Smith's office. Mr. Sam Laxter asked me to take him there. I arrived there shortly before ten o'clock and remained until a little before eleven, when Mr. Laxter told me I could take the car and go home."

"Was Mr. Oafley there when you arrived?"

"No, sir, he came in some ten or fifteen minutes later."

Truslow turned him over to Mason.

"Was the defendant carrying a crutch when you saw him?"

"No, sir."

"You're certain it was Clinker that he was carrying?"

"Yes, sir, I saw him very clearly in the lights of the automobile."

"Did he subsequently return to the house?"

"I don't know. I think he did."

"What makes you say that?" Mason inquired.

"I heard a car drive around the driveway and stop at a point opposite the window of Ashton's bedroom. I thought it was the defendant's car, but I didn't look."

"How long was the car there?"

The witness leered at Perry Mason. "Two or three minutes," he said. "Plenty long enough for the defendant to pick up a crutch and put it in the car."

The courtroom tittered.

"Exactly," Mason said. "Now, *if* he had driven back to pick up the crutch, why didn't he pick up the cat at the same time? What was the object in carrying the cat in his arms if he was going to return later on with the automobile?"

"I don't know," the witness said after a moment.

"I'm quite certain you don't," Mason observed, getting to his feet. "Now, you'd been taking quite an interest in Charles Ashton, hadn't you?"

"Why, I don't think so."

Squirming uncomfortably in the chair, Brandon avoided Mason's eyes.

"Do you know when Ashton came to consult me about his cat?"

"I can't say," the witness said.

Mason, staring at him coldly, said, "You're under oath, remember that. When Ashton came to my office, you followed him, didn't you?"

"No, sir."

"You had the green sedan," Mason said slowly. "You parked it in front of my office. You waited until Ashton came out and then you followed him, driving slowly in the car, didn't you?"

The witness wet his lips.

"Yes, sir," he said finally, "I did."

"And you went to Babson, the crutchmaker, and asked him about Ashton's crutch, didn't you?"

Brandon said slowly, "Yes, I did."

"And found out that Babson had hollowed out a receptacle in Ashton's crutch?" Mason interrogated.

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you do that?"

"I was instructed to."

"Who instructed you?"

"Frank Oafley."

"Did he say why he wanted you to do that?"

"No, sir. He told me to shadow Ashton every time Ashton left the premises, and find out how much money Ashton spent. He was particularly anxious about the money."

"When did he tell you that?"

"On the twentieth."

"And when did he tell you you didn't need to shadow Ashton any more?"

"On the evening of the twenty-third."

"At what time?"

"At dinnertime."

Perry Mason smiled at Truslow.

"That," he said, "is all."

Truslow hesitated, then slowly said, "I think that's all. Dr. Robert Jason will please take the stand."

Dr. Robert Jason took the stand, testified to the fact that the body of Peter Laxter had been exhumed; that he had made a careful post-mortem examination for the purpose of determining whether the burns had been inflicted before death or afterward.

"What did you determine?" Truslow asked.

"The body was almost incinerated, but there were several places where the clothes had protected the flesh. On these areas I was able to make an examination from which I reached my conclusion."

"What was that conclusion?"

"That the deceased met his death prior to the fire."

"Cross-examine," Truslow said.

"DID you determine whether the cause of death had been burning or carbon monoxide poisoning?" Mason asked.

Dr. Jason shook his head. "In all cases of burning there is usually present carbon monoxide residue in the tissues."

"So it would be virtually impossible to tell whether a person had met death from carbon monoxide poisoning, which was administered through fumes liberated from the exhaust of a motor vehicle, or by being asphyxiated and burned in a burning house. Is that right?"

"That is approximately correct."

"Therefore, acting on the assumption that the body would show evidences of carbon monoxide poisoning in either event, you failed to make any tests for it in this post-mortem examination?"

"That s right."

"Did you make any X rays of the bones?"

"No. Why?"

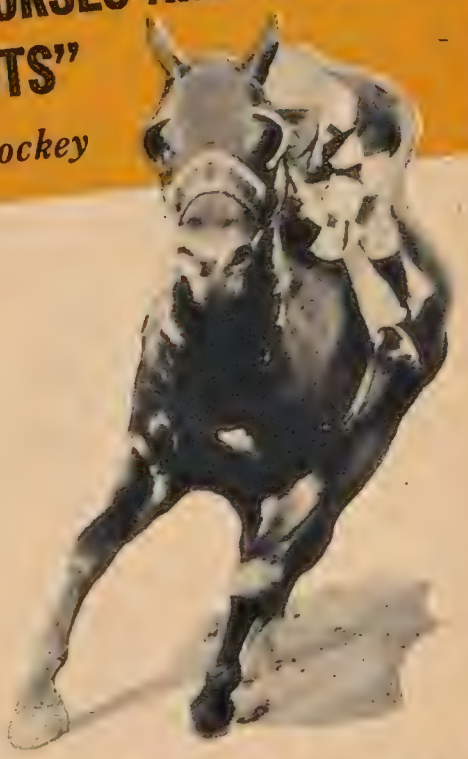
"I was wondering if the body showed that the right leg had recently been broken."

Dr. Jason frowned.

WHY YOU NEED *REAL* BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

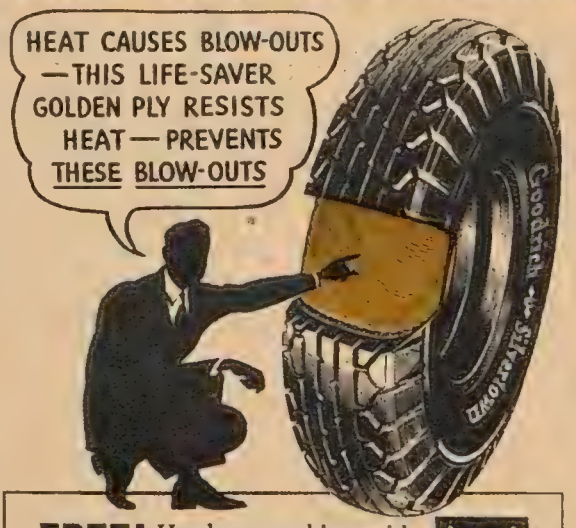
"SPILLS UNDER RACING HORSES ARE NEVER AS DANGEROUS AS BLOW-OUTS"

says "SONNY" WORKMAN *famous jockey*



● "This business of riding race horses isn't all thrills and glory," says "SONNY" WORKMAN. "I've crashed into fences and been trampled under pounding hooves. But my worst spill wasn't as bad as that blow-out I had. I was driving to Miami, when the tire blew out. My car swerved and shot off the road. I thank my lucky stars I came through it alive. But I'm taking *no more chances* with blow-outs—I've equipped my car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns."

This tire invention may save your life!



FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 565, The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, O.

IF YOU want to know how bad a blow-out can be, ask the man who's had one. But don't take chances yourself. Put Goodrich Safety Silvertowns on your car. Because built into every Silvertown is the exclusive Life-Saver Golden Ply, the amazing tire invention that resists *heat* generated *inside* the tire by today's high speeds. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Blisters don't form. You get *real* protection against high-speed blow-outs.

PLAY SAFE!

Don't be a tire gambler any longer. See to it *now* that your car is equipped with the *safest* tires you can buy. And remember, Goodrich Silvertowns, the *only* tires in the world with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, cost not a penny more than other tires in spite of the fact that they also give you months of extra mileage.

The NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertown
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

"What would that have to do with it?" Truslow inquired, a puzzled expression on his face.

"I would just like to have such a test made," Mason remarked, "and, if we are going to have this evidence introduced at all, I feel that I am entitled to know whether there was evidence of carbon monoxide poisoning."

"But," Judge Pennymaker pointed out, "the witness has just stated such evidence would be present, regardless of how the man met his death."

"Oh, no, he didn't," Mason said. "He simply testified that such evidence would be present whether death had been from burning or from carbon monoxide. I would like to have this witness instructed to ascertain immediately those two things and return to court."

"I can telephone to my office and have one of my assistants make the test immediately," the witness said.

Dr. Jason left the witness stand.

Della Street came pushing forward toward the rail which separated the place reserved for court officials from the balance of the courtroom.

"Just a moment, if the Court will indulge me," Perry Mason said, and went to the rail.

Della Street whispered to him, "I've been calling the insurance company and asking for information. They've just advised me that the police in Santa Fe, New Mexico, have recovered my car. A man was driving it who claims he is Watson Clammert, but can offer no proof of his identity other than some receipts which the police think are forged, because the receipts show that he purchased and paid for the car as Watson Clammert. But the peculiar thing is that they think he's a bank robber as well, because in a suitcase in the car there was over a million dollars in currency."

Mason sighed with satisfaction.

"We'll call Winifred Laxter to the stand," Truslow said, "as our next witness."

WINIFRED LAXTER walked forward as a princess might approach the sword of a headsman.

She held up her right hand, took the oath, and then walked to the witness chair and sat down.

"Your name is Winifred Laxter and you are engaged to the defendant?"

"I am."

"You were acquainted with Charles Ashton?"

"I was."

"You are familiar with the cat now in court, with a tag around its neck upon which the word Clinker appears?"

"I knew the caretaker's cat."

"Is this the caretaker's cat that you have mentioned?"

She took a deep breath, hesitated, seemed about to shake her head, but the cat, with a throaty miaow, jumped from the table, crossed the courtroom, leaped into her lap, and curled up contentedly. Some of the spectators tittered. The judge pounded with his gavel.

"Answer the question, Winifred," Perry Mason said, "and tell the truth."

"Yes," she said without hesitation, "this is Clinker."

"Did you have Clinker in your possession on the night the caretaker was murdered?"

"Answer the question," Mason told her as she looked helplessly at him.

She said slowly, "Yes, I did."

"Who gave you the cat?"

Her manner was vengeful now. "A friend of mine gave me the cat and I gave it to Perry Mason—that is, Perry Mason took it with him. He said that the police mustn't find it in my apartment."

"Was this friend Douglas Keene?" Truslow asked.

Judge Pennymaker cleared his throat. "It is only fair to advise this witness that the answer might incriminate her, in that it would make her an accessory—"

"Go ahead and answer the question, Winnie," said Mason.

"Yes," she said.

"You may cross-examine," Truslow announced.

"No cross-examination," Mason said.

Truslow got to his feet. His manner was purposeful.

"Your Honor," he said, "I regret being forced to do this, but it appears that the murderer of Charles Ashton must have taken the crutch to the place where Edith DeVoe was murdered. The murderer must have sawed up the crutch, taken out the diamonds, and used a part of the crutch as a club with which to fatally injure Edith DeVoe. Therefore, the murderer of Charles Ashton must be the murderer of Edith DeVoe. It therefore becomes necessary to prove that Ashton was murdered before the cat was taken from the Laxter house and that the cat did not return to the Laxter house at any time after the murder. It is, as I see it, incumbent upon the prosecution to account for the time of the caretaker's cat from the moment it was taken into the custody of the defendant in this action until the police recovered it. Therefore, I am going to ask that Della Street take the stand."

DELLA STREET gasped with surprise.

"Take the stand, Della," Perry Mason said.

Della Street stepped forward and was sworn.

"On the night of the twenty-third, did Perry Mason appear at your apartment carrying the cat known as Clinker and which is now in court?"

"Answer the question," Perry Mason told her.

"I don't know," she said defiantly.

"Why don't you know?" Truslow asked.

"Because I don't know whether this cat is the cat which belonged to the caretaker."

"But the cat shows that it knows Winifred Laxter."

"I am not responsible," she told Truslow icily, "for the cat's circle of acquaintances."

Judge Pennymaker smiled, even as he called for order.

"But you admit that Perry Mason brought *a* cat to your apartment."

"I admit nothing of the sort. The question is not pertinent unless it has to do with the murder, and it can have nothing to do with the murder unless the cat which you claim was brought to my apartment was the caretaker's cat, and I have no knowledge whatever on that."

Truslow smiled ruefully.

"I am going to call Perry Mason to the stand," he told the Court. "I am aware that the procedure is unusual, but I am also aware that it is unusual for counsel to take so active a part in the cases involving his clients as Perry Mason apparently takes. I'm not asking for any confidential communication which came to him from one of his clients; I am going to ask him only what he did in connection with sheltering a criminal."

"Very well," Judge Pennymaker ordered. "Perry Mason will take the stand."

What is Perry Mason going to tell the world when he gets into that witness box himself and is put through a pretty severe course of sprouts by Truslow? It looks as if they've got him on a hot spot. Will he turn the tables? Read the next issue of Liberty for the final fireworks.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 45

1—From the Bible: Leviticus 25:10.

2—The 1930 census recorded 3,964.

3—An author who wrote under the pseudonym of Josh Billings.

4—Latvia.

5—Neither; it is an engraved or incised figure in stone or other hard material: the opposite of a cameo.

6—On October 13, 1775, when the Continental Congress appointed a committee with power to fit out two warships for service against the British.

7—Race.

8—Technically, an aerial is the elevated conductor portion of a condenser antenna. An antenna is the portion, usually a wire or wires, of a radio station for radiating waves into space or receiving them from space.

9—Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, New Mexico, Wyoming.

10—Neither; it is a heatstroke.

11—I do not wish to contend. It is a plea sometimes entered by a defendant in a criminal prosecution.

12—A condition on the putting green when the ball nearest the hole lies in the line of play of the other ball.

13—You'd have smallpox.

14—No; it is in Virginia.

15—From the Bible: Proverbs 25:22 and Romans 12:20.

16—Nothing; it is the medical term for low blood pressure.

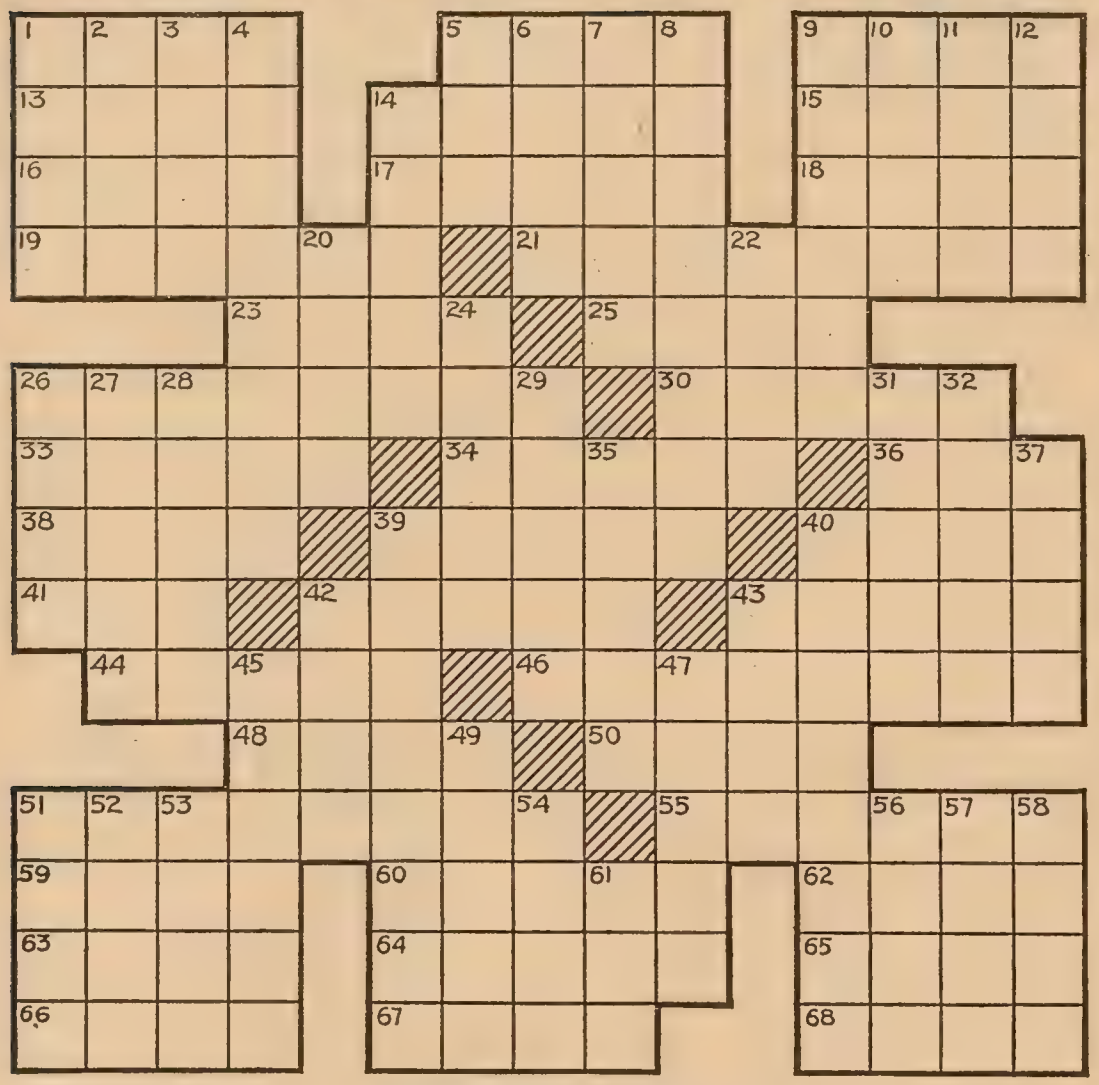
17—Broadly speaking, slander is spoken defamation of another's character; libel is written or printed.

18—The art of making characters or designs in, upon, or with wax.

19—About 1,000 hours.

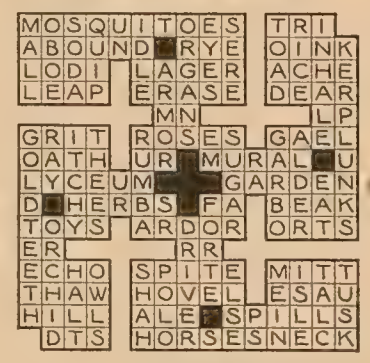
20—The first wife of Theodore Roosevelt and mother of Alice Longworth.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A mark of past injury
5 Head covering (pl.)
9 To affirm
13 The natural tendency of events
14 An island near Naples
15 To load, as a vessel, with freight
16 On the highest part of anything
17 Dish of many ingredients (plural)
18 A bird of prey
19 Reclose tightly
21 Of or pertaining to salvation
23 County in southwestern Australia
25 Indecorously free
26 Verb form indicating past
30 A flower (plural)
33 One who wanders
34 Maidens
36 Edge or margin of a hollow vessel
38 Mimicked
39 To hinder for a time
40 A ridge of sand
41 The monetary unit of Japan
42 An oil can with a long spout
43 Assistants to military officers
44 A stave (Scot. dial. plural)
46 Reclothe, as with the insignia of office
48 A tall palm of East India (plural)
50 Ascended
51 Feminine name
55 Covered with a certain viscous liquid



Answer to last week's puzzle

59 So be it!
60 A territory of Japan
62 Narrative
63 Prong
64 Silkworms
65 Greek letter (plural)
66 Inequality
67 A proofreader's term
68 Disagreeably moist or wet

VERTICAL

1 Leading player in a theatrical production
2 To refer to specifically
3 Troublesome business (plural)
4 Caused to occur or appear again
5 Man's nickname
6 Sacred bull worshiped by Egyptians
7 Division of a cavalry unit
8 Like or becoming a certain relative
9 Warning signal for a guard (plural)
10 The ruffed lemur
11 Feminine name
12 To turn or move round and round
14 Hue; shade
20 Declare positively
22 The Greek equivalent of Cupid
24 Titular character in a Scott novel
26 Ask earnestly for
27 Stout cord made of strands of fiber (pl.)
28 Incident
29 Doorkeeper in a Freemasons' lodge
31 To avoid by stratagem or artifice
32 Trigonometrical ratio (plural)
35 Scarcer
37 That which is troublesome
39 Regards with disapproval
40 Turned off from an intended course
42 A mineral of hydrous silica
43 A looplike structure (anatomy)
45 Makes amends for an offense
47 Letter of the Greek alphabet (plural)
49 Noise made by forcing air through the nose
51 Philosopher of ancient Rome
52 Surrounded by
53 Tear
54 American Indian
56 New Zealand tree
57 Dash
58 Unit in the equipment of an office
61 Corrode

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Snapshot of Dr. K. E. Schurr of Kirksville, Mo.

IT JUST RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY

Gentlemen:

An unlucky experience happened to me in Michigan last year.

I had moved there from Missouri, driving through in my 1930 Willys Knight. I had never used anything in the crankcase except Quaker State Oil. Being a stranger, I dropped in at a station where they didn't carry Quaker State and let myself be sold another brand.

The oil I bought was highly recommended—and as the attendant told me, it was 10c a quart cheaper. He said there wasn't any better oil, and that no oil was worth 35c.

But, to my sorrow, I found that by adding several quarts between changes, the cost really added to more than 35c a quart—for an inferior oil. It just rubs me the wrong way to waste money like that!

The next change will find me back with Quaker State—and this time it's "for keeps."

Sincerely,

K. E. Schurr

"First choice of Experience"

QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS

Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

Vox Pop

POSER FOR PENNY PINCHERS

SEATTLE, WASH. — Politicians are making tax laws that tax the already highly taxed American-made goods, while the cheap foreign goods get by for almost nothing. You can buy an American flag made in Japan for five cents and an American-made American flag costs twenty cents. What is a person who has to pinch pennies going to do? Naturally he'll buy the cheapest.

"Buy American!" Bah! and again I say, Bah!—*Patrick Henry Deeny.*

ONE FAST GAL

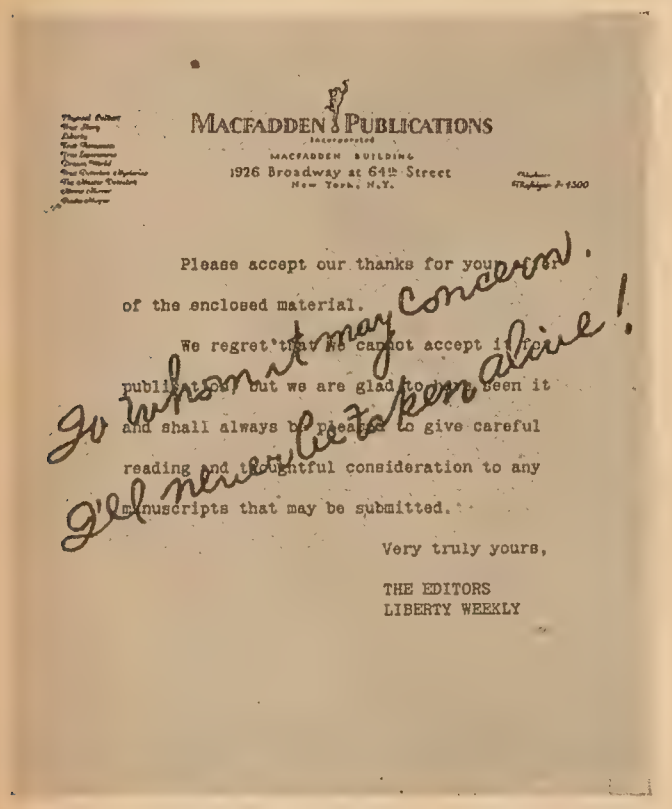
SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—The beautiful Elsa, in Marian Sims's Cinderella's Sunday (June 8 Liberty), is sure one fast girl.

"Elsa's pencil raced madly across page after page of her notebook. . . . They began work at nine. Ten o'clock struck; eleven; twelve. At half past twelve she stopped abruptly. . . .

"At two she began to type, keeping her mind firmly on her work. . . . At quarter past five she pulled the last letter from her typewriter."

That gal was really fast on the typewriter—three and a half hours of madly written dictation, and the whole works typed off in three hours and fifteen minutes!

But then, you never can tell about this modern girl.—*Crosby Prentice.*



MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS
INCORPORATED
MACFADDEN BUILDING
1926 Broadway at 64th Street
New York, N.Y.

Please accept our thanks for your ... of the enclosed material.

We regret that we cannot accept it for publication, but we are glad to have been it and shall always be pleased to give careful reading and thoughtful consideration to any manuscripts that may be submitted.

Very truly yours,

THE EDITORS
LIBERTY WEEKLY

To whom it may concern:
Gal never take no for an answer!

"I am enclosing something which might interest you," writes Devergne Barber of Little Rock, Arkansas. "Some time before her escape from prison for the fifth time, in which she was killed, Helen Spence Eaton, first of the South's gun-girls, wrote a story which was submitted to Liberty. The note she left just before her fatal escape was written on one of your rejection slips."

BONUS WITHOUT INFLATION

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The following is submitted as a way to pay the bonus without the government unduly inflating the currency:

Have an act passed by Congress, under that part of the Constitution which authorizes them "to issue currency and regulate the value thereof," making the following operative:

SELF-LIQUIDATING CURRENCY
TEN DOLLARS

The United States of America will pay to Bearer the sum of Ten and No/100 Dollars, in lawful currency of the United States, *when* this certificate shall have attached hereto 100 1-per-cent (or 10-cent) special postage stamps. This certificate shall be accepted as payment for all debts except those due the government.

(Signed)
The Treasurer of the United States.

This really is a mild form of sales tax, automatically collected, and when it has circulated 100 times the government will have the money in hand to retire it.

The writer disbursed during the World War some $30,000,000 of government moneys and property, and believes that he knows something about money.

The working of this scheme would depend solely on whether the people would have the necessary faith in their government.—*C. B. Gartrell, Col. Aux. Res., U. S. A.*

VOX YAP?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Vox Pop in Liberty weekly registers the voice of the people? It does not! It records but a few voices.

Therefore I suggest that the name be changed to something more expressive of the actual facts. Some wise guy coined the word "yap." It needs no definition. It seems to me that Vox Yap would be lots more fitting than Vox Pop. A yap may not be crazy but he needs "servicing" of some kind.

There is no country in the world that has as many yappers as ours. —*One of Them.*

MONEY WORRY

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In regard to Liberty's attitude toward capitalism, if you are so sure that it is not dying, what are you worrying about?—*Porter Blanchard.*

INDIAN ANSWERS PALEFACE

CHICAGO, ILL.—Referring to the statement by Mary Janet of Tampa, Florida, in June 22 Vox Pop—why "disgusted" when she hears Americans pan the foreigners?

Yes, a foreigner discovered America. Had he let it alone it probably still would be like as it was. Wilderness did not cry for civilization. Indians did not cry, "Come here and build our country." Indians had their own battles; they had their method of making their living. Mary Janet and her kind were

not satisfied with their own country and they had to come to the Indian's country, the America.

Built this country from the ground up. How high up? Mary Janet better read a little more of her history and train her little mind. Nobody denies her statement about "building from the ground up." People jump off the high buildings, millions in dire need, and some are starving and some are living off the others just because Mary Janet and her kind built this country too high "from the ground up."

Foreigners make no difference with me, but I don't like her statement. I am an American Indian. My ancestors lived here when America was wilderness.—*H. R. Clearwater.*

NOT A HILL OR A BILLY . . .

EL DORADO, ARK.—Listen, you all. I resent your remarks in the article, published in May 25 Liberty, about Schoolboy Rowe. As much as we love that thar boy, we refuse to sacrifice the good name of our town. The idea of calling us "hillbilly hicks"! There isn't a hill or a billy within four miles of the city limits.

As for Detroit fans remarking they thought El Dorado was a new name for a breakfast food, why, Detroit was absolutely unknown until that thar Schoolboy Rowe put it on the map.—*B. H. Berk.*

"DON'TS" FROM A POSTMAN

BALTIMORE, MD.—If you love your mailman, don't say:

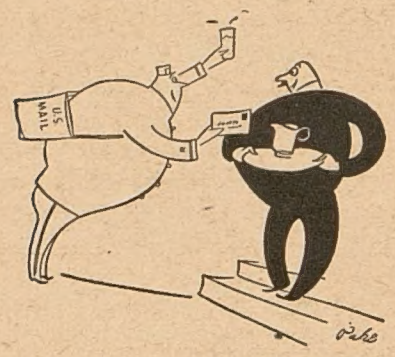
1. "Is that all?" He can't use your

mail, and a thousand times a day the question is tiresome.

2. "Any mail for me?" He is delivering it as fast as he can, and that confuses him. Also:

3. Don't use tiny envelopes. They are cussed to handle.

4. Don't hesitate to give him a glass



of water or lemonade. Remember the S. P. C. A. and remember his load makes a cool drink always welcome.

If you do all these and, finally, greet him with a smile, don't be surprised if he begins to give you much better service.—*Man of Letters.*

JEFFRIES VS. BAER

ST. LOUIS, MO.—E. E. Vaughan of San Antonio, Texas, seems all washed up in his 74 Round Stall squib in June 15 Vox Pop.

His broadside against fighters of a generation ago impresses the writer as unadulterated hooey.

Jim Jeffries at the time of his fight with Tom Sharkey at Coney Island could have disposed of Tunney and Baer on the same night if allowed about forty minutes for a rubdown between bouts.

If Mr. Vaughan desires to see a perfect exhibition of stalling, I would suggest that he view the pictures of two moderns—Messrs. Baer and Braddock. —*Old Fan.*

DRUMS . . . AND DRIED HEADS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Thaddeus Michael Shea in The Man Who Played God Five Times is another Trader Horn. Bedford-Jones has been taken in by him. The ethnology is all wrong in the second article (June 29). Dyaks do not communicate by "sending" with brass gongs, nor would it be possible to do so. The vibrations blur and merge.

There is a drum in every Dyak village, which is invariably made of logwood, headed with buffalo hide. This is sometimes used for communication. A gong never.

The darts of sumpitans are not tiny splinters of bamboo. They are made from seasoned strips of nipong palm and they are rarely less than ten inches long.

Dyak heads are dried but not shrunken or dwarfed to tiny objects, as are heads by certain Central American tribes.

Dyaks have not the art of gold inlay on steel. Nor would a true Dyak weapon have an inscription in Persian, as described.—*A. R. T., Explorers Club.*

NATURAL ENEMIES?

HUTCHINSON, KAN. — Mr. Macfadden's editorial in June 29 Liberty is one of the shortest and one of the best that he ever wrote—not because it is one of the shortest but because of what he said.

Give us a free, easy-moving circulating medium and there will be no quarrel between capital and labor.—*E. G. Woleslagel.*

AMARILLO, TEX.—The editorial Capital and Labor, in June 29 Liberty, is every word true.

However, why not go farther and say that by the adoption of the Townsend Old-Age Pension Plan we would create such a scarcity of labor, and at the same time such a demand for goods, that the troubles between capital and labor would automatically disappear?—*W. W. Parkinson.*

PEORIA, ILL.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, Capital and Labor, is the old pistachio seeds. Capital and labor are natural enemies, like cats and dogs, and husbands and wives. The prime motive of capital is accumulation. Accumulate! Anything goes. Kill if you must, but accumulate! The chief concern of the worker is a wage sufficient to fairly satisfy his family's gimmees.

Did capital heed the wail of its own baby (Hoover)? One can imagine what it will do by its half-and-half (Roosevelt).—*Andre Andersen.*

MR. HUGHES IS RIGHT

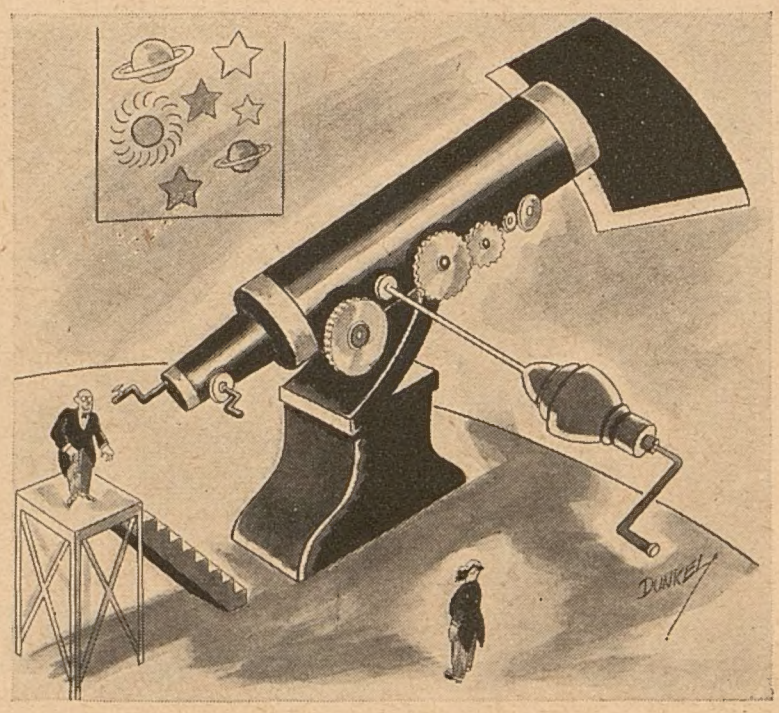
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I want to thank Liberty for publishing the article by Rupert Hughes entitled Watch Out, You American Women (June 8 issue).

The picture Mr. Hughes draws is not a bit exaggerated. In practically every state this past winter, attempts have been made to pass laws which will automatically deny women the right to earn a living. And the federal government has set the example.

Many American women sense that all is not well for them in the United States, but don't know what to do about it.

My advice to them is to join the National Woman's Party of Washington, D. C., and go to work for the passage of the Equal Rights Amendment to the federal Constitution.—*Ruth G. Williams.*

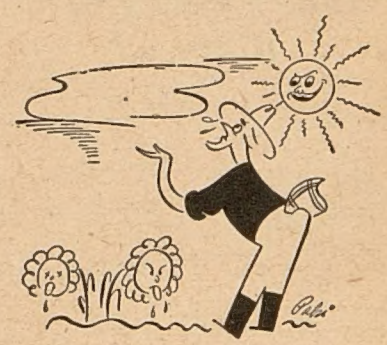
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—May we express our thanks to you for the article Watch Out, You American Women, by Rupert Hughes. We hope that you will keep on printing such articles, since we feel that they are decidedly helpful in keeping the rights of citizens before the American public.—*Lucy Winkler, Chairman Subcommittee on Women's Legislation of Affiliated Teacher Organizations.*



"She's wearing the cute pink undies with the French lace again!"

BOUQUET OF GARLIC

NOEL, MO.—A bouquet of garlic to you, Lela Phillips-Moutray, and your agrarian chirping in June 22 Vox Pop. You are all a-dither over the farmers who are on the relief roll. Evidently you hold an office dole job and begrudge



the pittance paid the farmers on the same relief.

Have you heard of the disastrous drought of last year? And did you know that until recently the cost of production has exceeded the market value of farm products?

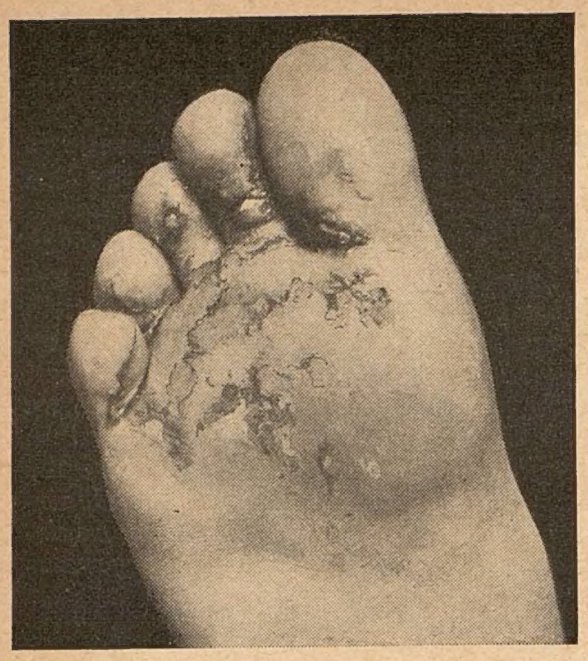
How can you read Liberty and be so ignorant?

Of course farm work is very easy. We sit in the shade and watch our gardens grow into sugar, flour, and peanut butter. The cows milk themselves and we press a button to harvest our crops. It does seem strange the lazy beggars prefer to wield a pick and shovel on relief work at twenty cents per hour!

The American people are emerging from the depression broader-minded, kinder, and more democratic. Get in line, Lela. America is going places. And you and your comical ideas are excess baggage.—*Farmer's Wife.*

BLAME BUSINESS

ALLENTOWN, PA. — Businessmen say the government and the social security, unemployment relief, and other laws and policies are holding back prosperity. But it is not the government. It's unemployment that impairs confidence, and business is responsible for unemployment.—*Edwin Snyder.*



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until
Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money, don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you we know you will be glad to send us $1.00 for the treatment at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.

GORE PRODUCTS, INC. L
803 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete treatment for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1.00. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

DRUGGISTS: Send For Special Proposition

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COVER BY JOHN FALTER

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

WHY DIE?

By MARY PICKFORD

A SEQUEL TO WHY NOT TRY GOD?

"When separation from a loved one comes with death, is it for always?" To this agonizing question, common to all humanity, Miss Pickford has found her own reassuring answer. Herself twice bereft, she has arrived at it through faith and philosophy. In this article she shares them with you. It is a sequel to her Why I Can Be Happy in Spite of All, which brought in to her and to Liberty such a flood of heartfelt gratitude, and which later in book form, as Why Not Try God? met with overwhelming appreciation.

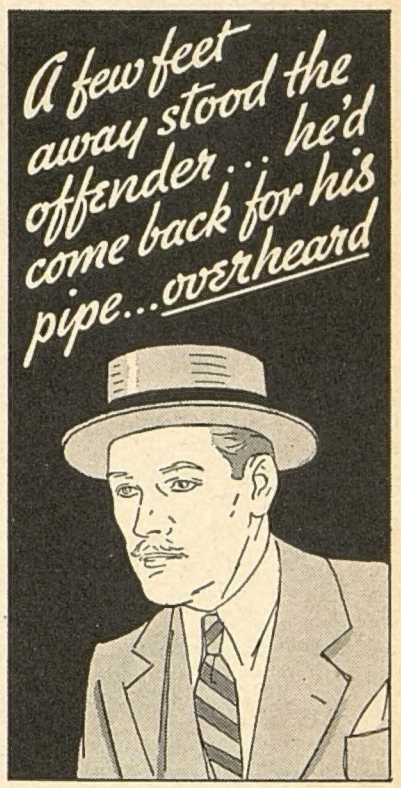
Liberty

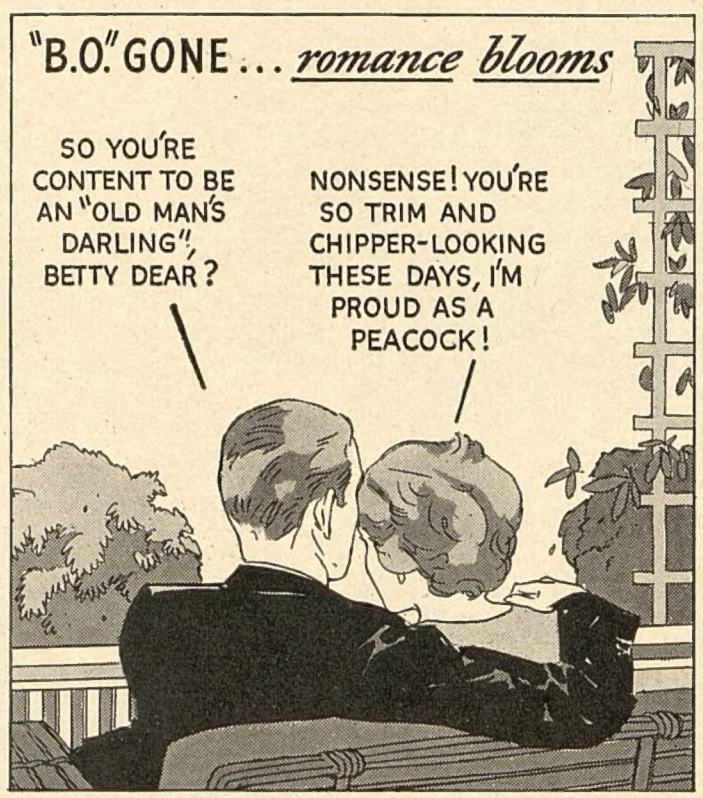
ON SALE WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7

NEVER GO COURTING IN SUMMER UNLESS...

I'M SORRY, BETTY. SHOULDN'T HAVE KISSED YOU WITHOUT ASKING FIRST.
DON'T BE OLD-FASHIONED, DARLING. ONLY— IT'S TOO HOT TO BE AFFECTIONATE. I'M TIRED, HAVE A HEADACHE. SO LET'S SAY GOODNIGHT.

SIS, YOU SENT YOUR DISTINGUISHED SUITOR AWAY RATHER GLUM. WHAT'S THE MATTER— TOO OLD FOR YOU?
OF COURSE NOT. MEN SHOULD BE OLDER. BUT... WELL.. SUMMER'S NOT THE SEASON FOR COURTING UNLESS YOU'RE CAREFUL TO USE LIFEBUOY AND AVOID "B.O."




"B.O." GONE... romance blooms
SO YOU'RE CONTENT TO BE AN "OLD MAN'S DARLING", BETTY DEAR?
NONSENSE! YOU'RE SO TRIM AND CHIPPER-LOOKING THESE DAYS, I'M PROUD AS A PEACOCK!

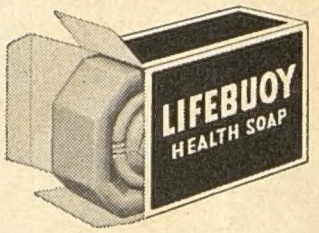
HALF THE SECRET OF YOUR CHARM, MY DEAR, IS YOUR LOVELY, CLEAR SKIN

A COMPLIMENT FROM ONE LIFEBUOY USER TO ANOTHER!

FRESH, sparkling complexions—and no "B. O." *(body odor)* to spoil the picture! Abundant even in cold water, Lifebuoy lather purifies—deep-cleanses both face and body pores. Yet according to scientific skin tests it is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps".

No time to trifle with "B.O."

These hot, sultry days pores give off even more than their usual quart of odor-causing waste. It's up to every one of us to *play safe!* Regular Lifebuoy baths protect, cool, refresh! Even the quickly-vanishing Lifebuoy scent is *extra-clean!*



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

"HARD-TO-SHAVE" JAKE GETS A BREAK

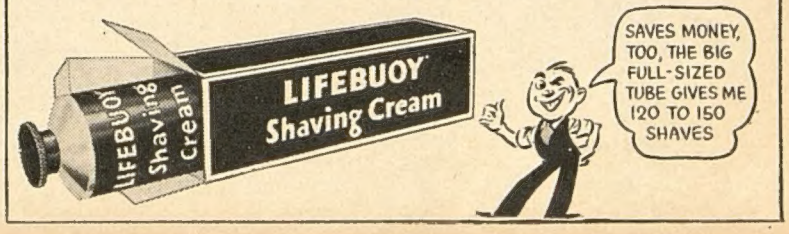
JAKE, IF YOU DON'T SHAVE SOON, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ETHER
BOY, YOU'D WANT ETHER IF YOU HAD THESE BRISTLES TO SHAVE! WITH MY TENDER SKIN IT'S A MAJOR OPERATION
SWITCH TO LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM, PAL. IT'S A REAL FRIEND IN A CLOSE SHAVE
YES SIR! LIFEBUOY LATHER IS EXTRA MOIST KEEPS YOUR BEARD SOFT UNTIL EVERY LAST WHISKER IS OFF—CLEAN AND CLOSE
GEE, I COULD BUILD A NEST IN THOSE WHISKERS
AND DON'T FORGET! IT'S MILD AND SOOTHING, TOO MAKES YOUR FACE FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

LIFEBUOY LATHER IS THE BEST BET! I'M GETTING THE CLEANEST, SMOOTHEST, BEST-FEELING SHAVE I EVER HAD

HERE'S a great break for all hard-to-shave men! Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather holds 52% more moisture. It wilts the toughest stubble in a jiffy. Makes it easy to shave clean, close and often. Decidedly milder than other leading shaving soaps, too—soothes tender skin. Try it.

Send for a FREE trial tube

Write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-128, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. *This offer good in U. S. only.*



To knit and spin
was not much fun
When 'twas my sole
employment
But now I smoke
these Chesterfields
And find it real
enjoyment

Mild ... and yet .. they Satisfy

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